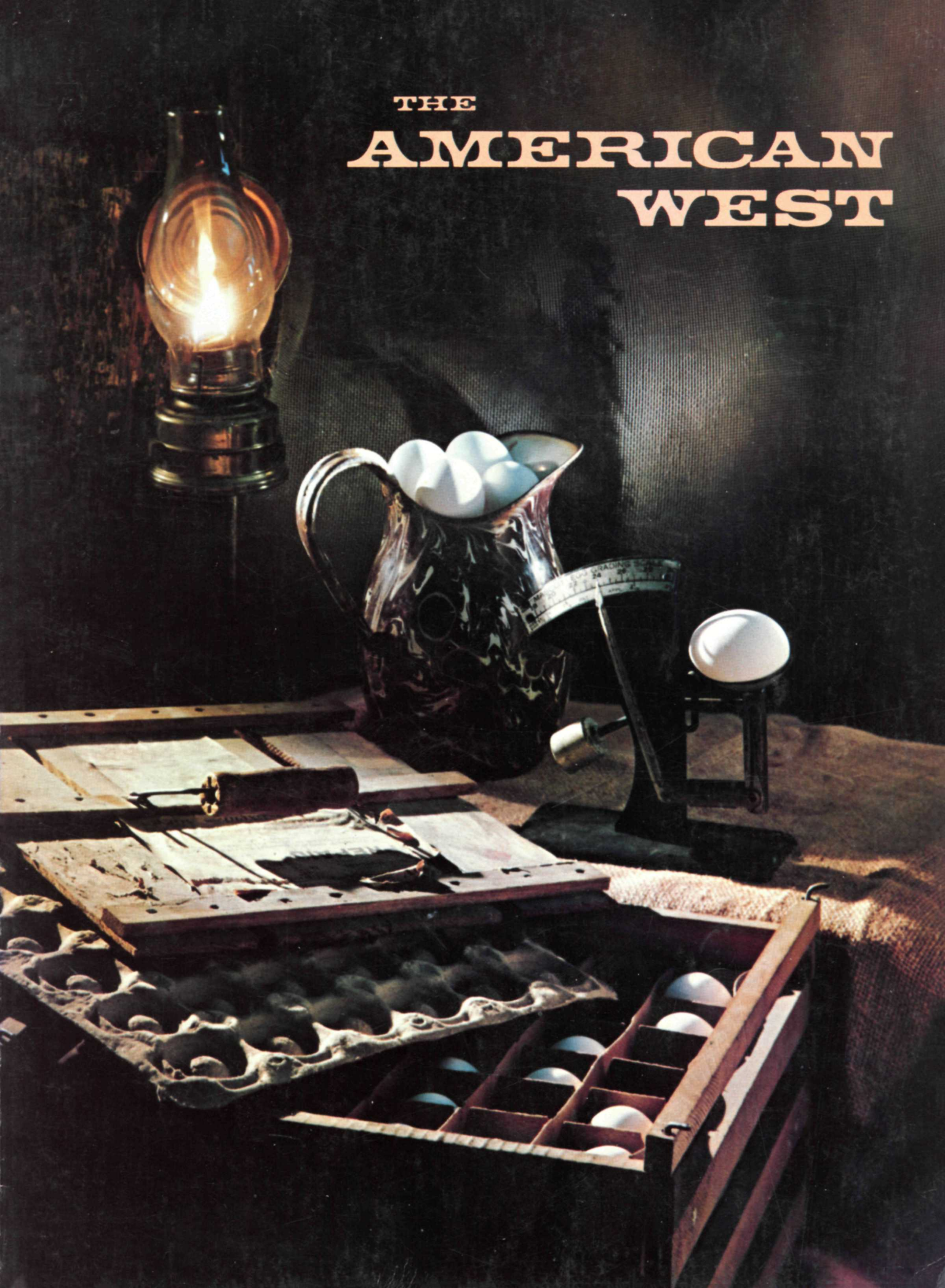
THE
AMERICAN
WEST

COVER: Present-day egg production methods are a far cry from candling against a kerosene lamp backed by a tin-can lid, but there are those who still remember! Art Gore, working in his Colorado studio, recreates the "old days" with authentic artifacts and photographic skills. This is one of forty-eight of his pictures which will appear in his unusual book to be published in September.

THE

AMERICAN WEST

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If pictures could talk, this group—the railroad shop crew for a Northwest logging company, photographed some decades ago by Washington state documentarian Darius Kinsey—would no doubt have some colorful words for the viewer.

THE DARIUS KINSEY COLLECTION

BUTCH CASSIDY COMES HOME

The never-before-revealed story of a prodigal's return

by his sister Lula Parker Betenson
as told to Dora Flack

One June day in 1884, eighteen-year-old Robert LeRoy Parker climbed onto a cow pony and rode away from his Mormon parents' homestead near Circleville, Utah, to begin a new life of his own choosing. Never returning home during the next twenty-five years, he drifted from honest employment as a cowhand into a more exciting life of crime—and into the pages of history and legend as Butch Cassidy, bank- and train-robber. In 1901, with the law closing in on his gang, Cassidy and two companions disappeared into South America. Several years later it was rumored that he had been killed.

Many books have been written about Butch Cassidy, and in 1969 a popular movie was made about him, but through the decades the facts of his fate have remained cloaked in mystery. Next month Brigham Young University Press will publish Butch Cassidy, My Brother, *the reminiscences of Robert LeRoy Parker's last surviving sister, and we are pleased to publish a selection from the book. In the excerpt that follows, Lula Parker Betenson reveals for the first time what her family knew of Butch Cassidy's final years.*

FOR OVER FORTY YEARS, sworn to silence, I have quietly listened to and read of the controversy about my brother, Butch Cassidy, and whether or not he and Harry Longabaugh, the man known as the Sundance Kid, were killed in South America in 1909. Pinkerton's Detective Agency said he was, but many of his friends insisted they saw him in the United States long after the reputed gun battle at San Vicente, Bolivia.

The members of the Wild Bunch have become legends that time has brightened rather than dimmed. My brother Butch in particular has emerged into a bigger-than-life image because of his winning personality—quite inconsistent with his brutal life. He was not a killer either by nature or reputation, but his friendly, singular charm and his interest in people—the struggling people—won for him their protection from the law. He was a rare composite of good and bad which has made him a dream-hero of young and old alike.

Over the years the stories of Butch Cassidy have become wilder and wilder. Books written about him have been replete with errors borrowed back and forth from one author to another, mixed with legends handed down by word of mouth, and embellished to spin a more sensational tale. My brother has been given credit for robberies which were committed at almost the same time, but many hundreds of miles apart, in the days of horseback travel. He would certainly have needed wings—and he was no angel.

Because of the interest and questions generated by the movie *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* and subsequent articles about my brother—most with distorted quotes from me—I have decided to break my sworn silence. I have no intention of making a "good boy" out of him, but if my memories seem prejudiced, please remember that I am his sister.

ON SEPTEMBER 19, 1900, Butch Cassidy, the Sundance Kid, and Bill Carver ended a string of successful robberies by the Wild Bunch by holding up the bank at Winnemucca, Nevada, and escaping with more than $30,000 in gold and currency. It was said that Butch later wrote back to the bank, enclosing a picture of five members of the gang —decked out in bowler derbies and the classiest of city-slicker duds—and thanking the bank for its contribution.

That picture proved to be the downfall of those involved

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF NEVADA

Robert LeRoy Parker, alias Butch Cassidy

LULA PARKER BETENSON

Lula Parker Betenson, Bob Parker's sister

and put Pinkerton's on the trail again. It placed them in Texas, where the picture was taken. So the members of the Bunch, who had been living high until then, knew it was time to go separate ways. Butch and Sundance decided to make good their plan to leave for South America. The two separated, arranging to meet in New York and to sail from there. When they met in New York, however, Sundance had his girlfriend, Etta Place, with him and insisted that she go along.

At first Butch objected. South America was no place to take a woman, he said. But after further consideration, he decided that if they were going to go straight down there, they surely needed a good cook and a housekeeper. Etta was an extremely beautiful woman and usually dressed in black, which set off her elegance. According to most writers, the trio rented rooms in New York and decided to see the sights for a couple of weeks. They dressed like millionaires and spent money freely on shows, dinners, and seeing the sights.

Butch, Sundance, and Etta Place reportedly embarked for South America in 1901. Upon arriving in Buenos Aires they went to the government land office where they filed application for land. They received "four square leagues" in Cholilo, Province of Chubut, on October 16, 1901. They were ranching in Cholilo by August, 1902.

Many outlaws were operating in South America at about that time and copied patterns of thefts committed by members of the Wild Bunch in the United States. Thus Butch was given much credit for robberies that wasn't due him. Butch realized then that there was no way out as long as he was alive; he was in too deep to climb out. Many ideas and events concerning Butch and Sundance's activities in South America have been related; I cannot verify them. Possibly, Butch did his share. Occasionally we heard or read of accounts which led us to believe he was on the "trail" again.

Mother's heart was broken over this wayward son. Her prayers remained unanswered. Even though we were a fun-loving lot, always there was the undercurrent of shame and humiliation. But Mother continued to teach her church classes. No one knew the burden she carried. She suffered occasional severe sick spells.

One day Mother had been over helping my cousin with some sewing. We could see her coming through the field toward home. Suddenly she stopped, rigid in her tracks. As she stood, unmoving, we knew something was wrong. When we reached her, she couldn't walk.

Dad took her to Panguitch, Utah, because there was no doctor in nearby Circleville. But although there was a doctor in Panguitch, there was no hospital. So the doctor put her in a room in the hotel run by a Mrs. Crosby, where he could watch her closely. She was there for three weeks. I was the oldest married girl at home (twenty-one at the time), so I went to the hotel to care for Mother. Dad and I did all we could, but she grew weaker and weaker. It was her heart. The doctor could do nothing for her, but we refused to give up hope until she slipped away peacefully on May 1, 1905, with Dad and me at her side. Mother was only fifty-eight when she died, and I have always felt she literally died of a broken heart.

A number of writers have claimed my brother returned home for Mother's funeral. One author whom I know per-

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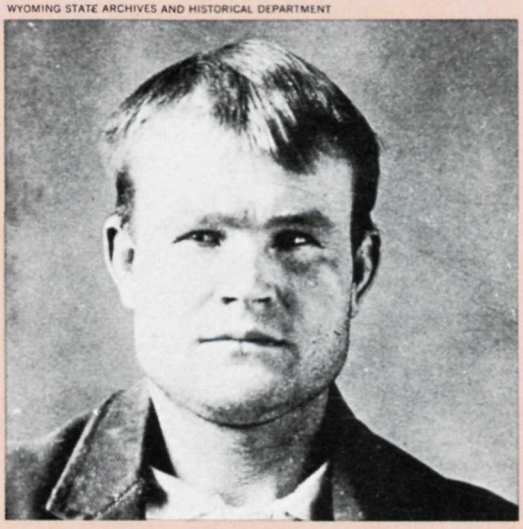
This article is adapted from material in Butch Cassidy, My Brother *by Lula Parker Betenson as told to Dora Flack, with a foreword by Robert Redford, to be published on June 15 by Brigham Young University Press,*

WYOMING STATE ARCHIVES AND HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT



This is Butch Cassidy's prison photograph, taken in 1894 at the Wyoming State Penitentiary at Laramie, where he served one year and six months of a two-year sentence for horse theft. Butch was pardoned by Governor W. A. Richards in January of 1896.

sonally leaves his readers with the impression that I told him my mother lay in state in Circleville for twenty-four hours with no visitors and that Butch paid his respects that night. This is not true. Butch, in South America, did not even know of Mother's death, and he certainly did not come. I was there all the time.

I am sure Butch always figured he was living his own life. He didn't realize that when he went to prison, a whole family was sentenced with him, especially Mother and Dad. Even though he escaped retribution so many times by evading the law, we felt the full impact of his crimes. No amount of rationalizing that he was a Robin Hood—taking from the rich and giving to the poor—could relieve our parents of the terrible load they carried every day of their lives because of him.

I think Sundance and Etta were on their own for a while in South America before the three joined on their ranch. But because Butch and Sundance were recognized in South America, they had to move northward into the mining areas, where they obtained work. One evening Sundance dropped a boastful hint that he and Butch were the outlaws who were causing uncertain relations between some of the South American countries and the United States. Sundance drank a good deal, and his tongue was often in a slick place. Butch was furious over these slips of the tongue. Just when things were going smoothly, he had to settle accounts with the mining company and leave, much to his disappointment.

Sundance had a rather ugly disposition and was morose and moody, while Butch got along with everyone, was generous with the natives, and carried sweets in his pockets for the kids. Consequently, when investigators went into the area, information about him was hard to get. Moreover, the lawmen really weren't interested in arresting him. On one occasion, after a holdup in which Butch was said to be involved, he met the sheriff on a narrow trail; they greeted each other, and the sheriff went on his way without trying to make an arrest.

We also learned of one job he "cased" but never pulled off. He went to the Huanuni mines in Bolivia to look over the prospects of a payroll robbery. According to his custom, he posed as a prospector down on his luck and was invited in and treated royally. Afterward he refused to rob those men who had treated him so well.

Etta Place became ill and had to return to the United States for medical attention. Sundance and Butch came with her, but Butch didn't come home to Utah at that time.

Butch and Sundance both went back to South America where they worked for the Concordia Tin Mines. When Clement Rolla Glass, the manager of the mine, hired Butch, he asked his name. Butch replied, "Santiago Maxwell."

A few days later Sundance rode up the path to the tin mine on a mule, asking for a job, and gave his name as Brown. The two became reliable employees; Butch was even trusted with the payroll, even though the bosses learned who they really were.

Percy Seibert was also a boss at Concordia. He became very well acquainted with Butch in 1908. Whenever Butch visited Mr. Seibert in his sitting room, he always sat on a small sofa between two windows. This gave him a survey of three windows and the door, thus protecting his back. He was always armed with a frontier model .44 Colt which was inconspicuously stuck in his belt. Mr. Seibert later said he never saw Butch under the influence of liquor except once, and Butch was most ashamed of himself because he couldn't walk straight. Mr. Seibert found Butch to be a gentleman quite at home in the best of society. He was trust-

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

In an 1899 robbery attributed to Cassidy's Wild Bunch, an attempt to blow open the safe of this railway express car near Wilcox, Wyoming, had spectacular results. The incident was dramatized in the movie **Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid.**

worthy in his dealings with mine managers as well as with the employees.

In South America Butch used several aliases: Santiago Maxwell, Jim Lowe, Mr. Ryan, and others. The Indians called him Señor Don Max. Some of the robberies said to have been committed by Butch and Sundance in South America are detailed in books; but again I make no attempt to verify or contradict the accounts. However, I do know from Butch's own words that they were not responsible for all they were accused of.

I understand that in 1909 Butch and Sundance left the Concordia Tin Mines.

Then word reached us that Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid had been killed in a gun battle in South America. We were shocked and sickened. I am glad Mother was not alive to endure the hurt. Townspeople in Circleville were very kind and never mentioned it once to any of us. I never heard of one of our family who was twitted about Butch during all the long, sad years.

We doubted the stories; yet we feared they might have some foundation, and we were sick that Butch had supposedly added murder to his list of crimes. But what could we do but try to live normally?

Pinkertons claimed Butch and Sundance had been killed in the gun battle in San Vicente. When they had learned the pair had gone to South America, Pinkertons sent detectives Frank DiMaio and Charley Sirringo after them. They trailed Butch and Sundance, losing them in Buenos Aires but locating them again in the Chubut Valley, where they finally gave up the chase because the area was so inaccessible.

Kerry Ross Boren has proven without a doubt that the reported gun battle at San Vicente in 1909 did not occur. However, in 1911 there was a gun battle at Mercedes, Uruguay, where two outlaws were killed. A salesman from the United States was in his hotel room in Mercedes and overheard a soldier say, "Come down and see the dead Americanos banditos." The salesman went down and was convinced the outlaws were Butch and Sundance. A year later he returned to the United States and went to see Frank DiMaio, to whom he told his story and assured DiMaio the dead men were Butch and Sundance. On this hearsay evidence, the file was closed.

AFTER MOTHER'S DEATH in 1905, Father lived in our brick house in Circleville with his six unmarried children. Since I was the eldest daughter living at home, it was my responsibility to try to keep things together. I am the only one of the girls who stayed in Circleville, and I remained very close to Dad and my brothers.

On New Year's Eve, 1907, I married Joseph Betenson, and we lived in Circleville, where five children were born to us.

Most of the time my brothers were out on the range with the livestock, spending the summers on the mountain and the winters at home, feeding cattle and horses at the ranch south of Circleville. My brothers worked elsewhere as time permitted, but they helped Dad at the ranch also. They had always raised good horses, cattle, and sheep, but were only moderate stockmen.

One day, Jim Gass, a Circleville neighbor, came home from a trip to California and told me he had seen Butch (or Bob, as we in the family still called him) getting on a train in Los Angeles. He and Bob had waved to each other, but the train pulled out before they could speak to each other.

JAMES EARLE

Butch Cassidy's Winchester saddle ring carbine, serial no. 64876. The smooth stock substantiates one of the titles by which Butch was known: "The outlaw without a notch in his gun."

As we pursued our very ordinary lives, occasionally other stories and rumors reached us that Butch Cassidy was still alive and had been seen in various localities. Dad seemed so sure that he was still living. We wondered how much he really knew.

ONE DAY in 1925 (I know it was in the fall just before school started) some of my brothers were out on the range with the stock. My brother Mark was fixing the fence at the ranch when a new black Ford drove up, and a man got out. It was a touring car—the kind with the old isinglass shades that you snapped on in a rainstorm. Mark looked up and surmised it was a cousin, Fred Levi. The Levi boys were cattle buyers, and Mark supposed he was coming for that purpose. The man walked across the field toward Mark. As he came near, his face broke into a characteristic Parker grin. At first Mark was puzzled. He studied the face and suddenly realized it could be but one person—Bob Parker. After a few moments' visiting, the two climbed into the shiny car and drove to the brick house in town. Bob didn't know the family had moved into town; so naturally he had gone straight to the ranch. That was home to him.

Dad, eighty-one, was sitting on the step by the kitchen door of the brick house, enjoying the shade and the late afternoon calm. His hair was white, and he wore a thick white mustache. He was a fine-looking man, straight and alert, and, as always, dressed immaculately. The flashy car drove into the yard, and Mark stepped out. Dad was surprised. That morning Mark had left on horseback, headed for the ranch. Rather slowly the driver slipped out on the left side of the car and straightened up. At first Dad wondered who it was.

Bob's face for once was solemn; perhaps he wondered how he would be accepted. The screen door to the kitchen was open behind Dad's back. Bob took off his hat and twirled it through the door. It landed squarely on the post of the rocking chair inside. Then he grinned that unmistakable grin. Dad knew him. No one could ever describe that meeting after all the years of uncertainty and separation—forty-one years! That reunion proved the strength of Dad's heart; he survived it.

Minutes later my brother Mark appeared at my kitchen door and said, "Lula, we've got company. Dad wants you to come down and fix supper."

That wasn't the first time I had been asked to leave my family and prepare supper for company for Dad and the boys. My eldest daughter, Pauline, was old enough to take care of our children, but John, the baby at that time, set up a howl to go along.

My husband Jose went with me to Dad's. In clean dishtowels I wrapped two loaves of warm bread and a fresh bullberry pie that I had just taken from the oven, and we walked over to Dad's. We walked in the front gate and around to the kitchen door. I glanced at the unfamiliar car and wondered who it was this time. As we stepped into the kitchen, put down the food, and went into the living room, the conversation stopped. The stranger stood up as I stepped into the room, and I studied his face in the awkward silence. He wasn't a stranger, not really, and yet he was. Why did he look so familiar?

Dad smiled. "I'll bet you don't know who this is." I was puzzled. By his features, he had to be family. "Lula, this is LeRoy!" Dad announced.

My jaw dropped. Even though I was sure he was alive and somewhere in the country, I had never anticipated this

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF NEVADA

The famous photograph of the Wild Bunch, taken at Fort Worth during the winter of 1900–01. Pictured (left to right) are Harry Longabaugh, Bill Carver, Ben Kilpatrick, Harvey Logan, and Butch Cassidy.

meeting. Bob grinned. My knees felt like rubber, and my insides turned upside down. Any resentment I had harbored toward my outlaw brother melted. The Prodigal had returned!

We didn't have a fatted calf handy to kill for our feast, but I have never forgotten that meal. I fried lamb chops and fixed mashed potatoes topped with chunks of fresh homemade butter and vegetables right out of the garden and, of course, I had brought the homemade bread. Bob exclaimed, "Lula, your bread is as good as Ma's." His compliments further disarmed me. At last I served dessert. "Bullberry pie! Of all things!" he exclaimed. "Bullberries always have made me homesick. They remind me of Ma." I've always thought that was a coincidence that I should have made bullberry pie on that memorable day.

As our first excitement subsided, Dad said: "At first I thought it was Eb and Mark coming up the walk, but when he grinned, I knew in a minute it was LeRoy."

Bob had never ceased to be a close member of the family, no matter what he had done nor how far away he was. Perhaps, because he was the Prodigal, we were more conscious of him than the others who stayed at home.

That first night, we visited until the wee morning hours. He was surprised at all our nicknames and often wondered whom we were talking about. Intensely interested in talking about Mother, he expressed his deep sorrow for having caused her so much heartache. He knew he had broken her heart. Realization of the sorrow and humiliation he had caused the family had kept him from coming home long before. But he had gone straight for the past sixteen years. Surely that much repentance made him worthy to return. Many times through his outlaw years and after 1909 when he was reported killed in South America, he longed to come home, but his pride wouldn't let him. He was too ashamed to face his family.

Dad patted his hand and said, "At last your mother's prayers have been answered. We just couldn't understand why you didn't come."

Bob said he had never forgotten how Mother looked that morning he left home in 1884. "I can just see her standing and holding old Bash," he said. Then he repeated the story of his departure in great detail, and exactly as Mother had told us.

Repeatedly he steered the conversation back to Mother. He couldn't hear enough of her. He asked about every member of the family—what they were doing, what their children were like. Bob assured us that he and Sundance really intended to go straight when they went to South America, but he said, with a trace of bitterness in his voice, "When a man gets down, they never let him up. He never quits paying his price." He didn't seem to want to talk about his past or his escapades and did so only as we asked questions.

Bob told us about the friends he had made in South America and about his travels down there and elsewhere. He had a little money, and he wasn't afraid to work. He had later done a lot of traveling in Europe, especially in Spain, and also spending some time in Italy, which he greatly enjoyed. He said the Italians were very warm, friendly people, and he loved them.

He related that he and Sundance did not come back to the United States together after they were supposed to have been killed. As Longabaugh and he were getting ready to leave South America, Bob's leg became badly swollen. He described it to us as a white swelling. He thought it might have been caused by a scorpion bite. So Sundance left him to take care of last-minute business. Bob said, "We were to

JOHN HARDY

John Hardy of Milford, Utah, says this is a picture of Butch Cassidy taken in Juarez, Mexico. Lula Betenson will not speculate as to whether this is or isn't her brother.

meet at a certain place, but my leg was so bad I couldn't keep the appointment. An Indian woman took me into her home and doctored me as if I were her own son. She put poultices on the leg until the swelling finally went down. It reminded me of how Ma always took care of wanderers as well as her own children."

Then we told him about the Indian boy whose leg Mother had sagepacked for days, and when we had asked her why she had bothered with him, her reply had been, "If it was LeRoy, I'd want someone to take care of him."

"Yes," Bob agreed thoughtfully, "I remember how she always said, 'Bread cast upon the waters will return to you.' Well, I'd missed my rendezvous with Sundance and had no idea how to get in touch with him. I had nowhere to go, so I drifted on up into Mexico—worked wherever and whenever I wanted to. I wondered what had happened to Sundance—and Etta Place, too. I guess the heat turned off with the shooting when Sundance and I were supposed to have been killed."

"What about that?" Dad asked. "Read a lot in the newspapers and didn't ever know what to believe."

"I don't really know myself. I heard they got Percy Seibert from the Concordia Tin Mines to identify a couple of bodies as Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid all right. I wondered why Mr. Seibert did that. Then it dawned on me that he would know this was the only way we could go straight. I'd been close to Seibert—we'd talked a lot, and he knew how sick of the life I was. He knew I'd be hounded as long as I lived. Well, I'm sure he saw this as a way for me to bury my past along with somebody else's body so I could start over. I'd saved his and Mr. Glass's lives on a couple of occasions, and I guess he figured this was how he could pay me back."

ALL NIGHT LONG we talked. Bob told us that after leaving Mexico, he went to Alaska, where he trapped and prospected. He lived with the Eskimos for a short time and told how they were being cheated and fleeced by dishonest speculators. He hated to see innocent people duped. But Alaska was too cold for him, and he stayed there only a year or two. He liked the Pacific Northwest, and that had become home to him.

"Why don't you come home where you belong, LeRoy?" Dad asked. "There's nothing against you on the books in Utah." (Jose had gone to Salt Lake City sometime before this and had checked it out.)

Bob shook his head. "No, I don't belong here any more, Dad. I've got other things to see about. And I want to travel around and see my old friends. Just keep this under your hat —my visit here, I mean."

Dad nodded. "If that's what you want, that's the way it will be." He turned to the rest of us and said, "This is our secret. You are never to mention it to anyone. If you want a secret kept, never tell it." And we never did. Even other members of our family didn't know it for years. I think Butch was going under the name of Bob Parks at the time.

No one wondered about the strange car at the brick house in Circleville; company was not unusual there. Circleville was laid out like most early Mormon towns, with four houses to a block, one on each corner; so there were no close neighbors.

We knew Bob was no angel, and in our conversations he didn't try to paint himself as one, either. He stayed with Dad a couple of days; then he and Mark went up to the hills in Dog Valley, southwest of Circleville, to visit his brothers, who had a cabin up there.

Bob and Mark rode out to the camp on horseback. At

LULA PARKER BETENSON

Lula Parker Betenson gets acquainted with Paul Newman and Robert Redford, stars of **Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid,** *during filming of the picture at St. George, Utah.*

first my brothers couldn't make out who it was. Then as the riders rode closer, and Bob's face broke into that disarming grin, they knew.

My son, Mark Betenson (eleven years old then), working with my brothers at their camp, was out gathering wood when the "stranger" arrived. When Mark came into the cabin with an armload, Eb said, "This is Lula's son." But nobody told Mark who the stranger was. They ate supper, guarding their conversation, then scooted Mark off for home so they could talk freely.

When young Mark came home, he said, "There's this man at the cabin. I think they said he was from Colorado. Anyway, they called him Bob. There wasn't room enough for me, so they sent me home." He was quite put out, to say the least.

Many years later Mark was talking with Eb about the day the strange man came to the cabin, and Eb told him who it was. Mark kept the secret faithfully until one day when he and I were chatting, and he asked me very confidentially if I knew that "Uncle Butch" had come home a long time ago. When he was sure I, too, shared the secret, we discussed it often.

My other children never knew about this until the last several years. John distinctly remembers how he howled to go with me that night, and I made him stay with Pauline. Barbara must have been eighteen when Jose accidentally mentioned something about Butch Cassidy being her uncle. This was the first she had ever heard of it, and I was miffed at Jose for mentioning it. This proves how little was said to any of us by the townspeople and how closemouthed we all were about our "secret."

Bob spent about a week with the boys and a day or two more with Dad in town. Then he left and never returned. Occasionally Dad had a letter from him, but his letters were always carefully destroyed to protect Bob. We worried about what trouble it might cause him if they fell into the wrong hands. Who would ever have dreamed that a letter from Butch Cassidy would someday be valuable! He must have kept up a lively correspondence with his friends; I have learned of many who reported letters coming to their home from Butch Cassidy. Most of the letters were destroyed for the same reason that we destroyed them. Some were saved but have since been stolen or lost, and to date I have never been able to find one.

One day Dad received a letter from one of Bob's friends, reporting that Bob had died of pneumonia. The letter assured Dad that his son was "laid away very nicely." It was signed simply "Jeff."

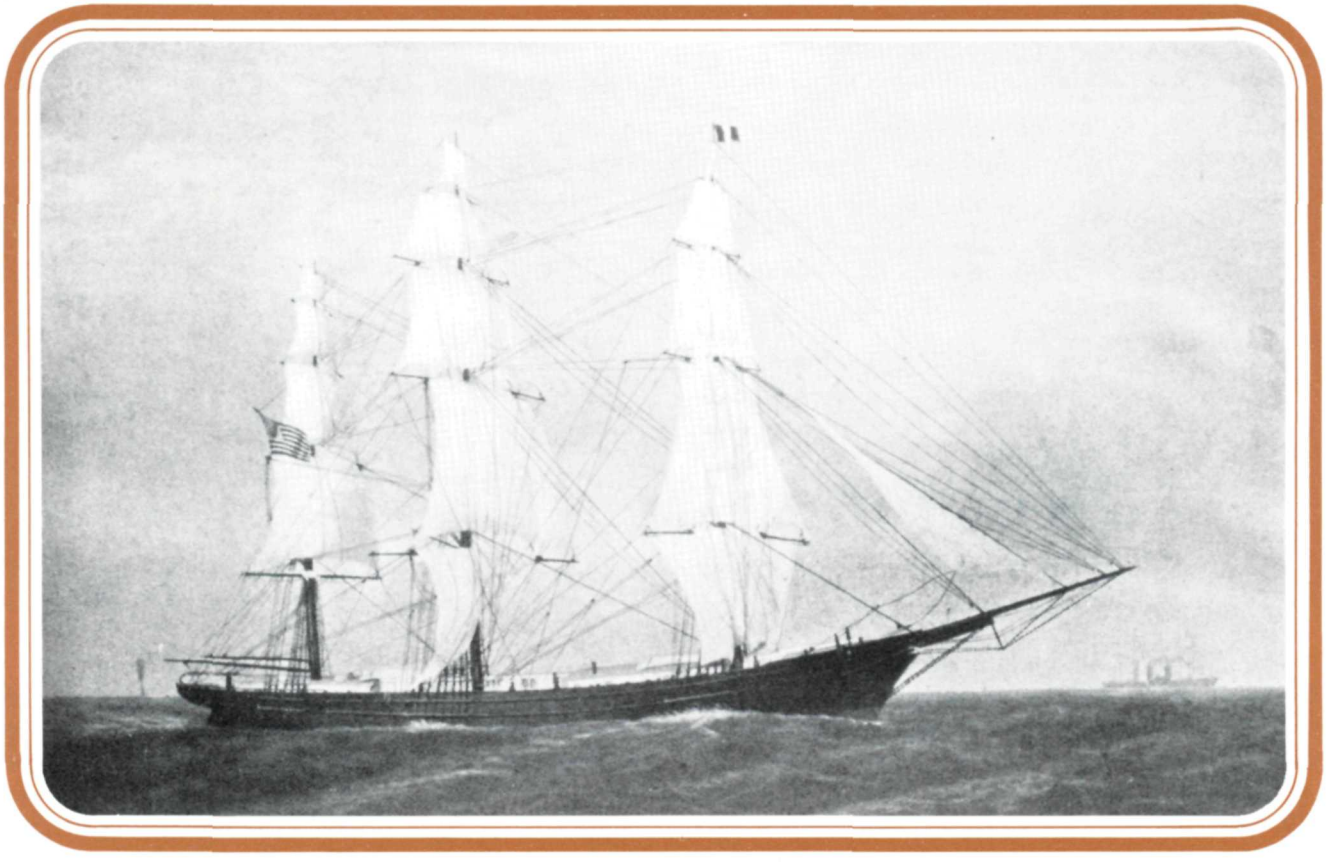
Robert LeRoy Parker died in the Northwest in the fall of 1937, a year before Dad died. (He was not the man who was known as William Phillips, reported to be Butch Cassidy.)

Although we have received a couple of reports to the contrary, so far as we know Butch was never married. I am sure that if he had been, he would have told us; and if he'd had any children, you can be sure he would have taken care of them, and we would have known. Where he is buried and under what name is still our secret. Dad said, "All his life he was chased. Now he has a chance to rest in peace, and that's the way it must be."

Lula Parker Betenson *resides in Circleville, Utah. At ninety years of age she remains both young at heart and active in local and state civic and political affairs.*

Dora Flack *of Bountiful, Utah, is author of numerous articles, short stories, and six books. She is also active as a lecturer on the topics of cooking and food preservation.*

SAN FRANCISCO MARITIME MUSEUM



The White Swallow: *the uprising described here occurred on one of her nine voyages around the Horn to San Francisco.*

The Temperate Mutiny

Abused beyond endurance, the crew of the White Swallow *decided to take over the ship. Their revolt—and the trial that inevitably followed—had surprising results.*

by Robert J. Schwendinger

It is on long and distant voyages, where there is no restraint upon the captain, and none but the crew to testify against him, that sailors need most the protection of the law. On such voyages as these there are many cases of outrageous cruelty on record . . . and many, many more, which have never come to light, and never will be known until the sea shall give up its dead. Many of these have led to mutiny and piracy—stripe for stripe—and blood for blood.

Richard Henry Dana
in *Two Years Before the Mast*

IN COMPARISON to some of the more sensational and tragic mutinies taking place in the nineteenth century, the uprising on board the westbound clipper ship *White Swallow* in October 1865 was surprisingly mild. No one was killed or maimed; not a shot was fired; nor was the ship lost. Captain Elijah E. Knowles retained control of navigation during the time of rebellion and walked the deck freely shortly thereafter. Although mutiny was clearly an illegal act (a sentence for conviction of mutiny could include up to five years in prison), the trial that followed the ship's arrival in port found a jury of San Franciscans establishing a national precedent as it voted in favor of the rebellious crew.

The mutiny took place in a time when the recent Civil War and Reconstruction dominated the news. Thus preoccu-

pied, the nation had up to this time been moving slowly, almost imperceptibly, in dealing with other legitimate concerns, including the plight of the common sailor. J. B. Manchester, attorney for the *White Swallow* mutineers, put the significance of the case in perspective at the outset of the trial in February, 1866: "The time has now come when a San Francisco jury would have the opportunity to pass upon the question of whether Jack has any rights."

The trial drew wide attention in the western seaport. The gallery of the U.S. District Court was crowded during all six days of the proceedings, and it was apparent that most spectators were sympathetic to the crew. Judge Ogden Hoffman had to admonish the audience after it applauded the remarks of the defense counsel and warned that he would clear the gallery in the event of additional outbursts.

Hoffman had also presided at similar proceedings thirteen years earlier when the sadistic acts of Captain "Bully" Waterman and officers aboard the clipper *Challenge* had shaken the national conscience. A series of trials lasting three months had ended with Waterman fined $400 and his first mate $50, punishment clearly lenient in view of the severity of the crimes committed. These included the beating of crewmen with clubs, floggings (already outlawed) and knifings, the forced ducking in the sea of a sailor which resulted in his eventual death, and the loss of four other men ordered to carry out hazardous work during raging weather conditions.

Captain Knowles had initiated the 1866 *White Swallow* proceedings by filing charges of mutiny against the crew, but the brutality of the mates—particularly first mate William Burgess—and the general ill-treatment of the seamen soon became the overriding issues. The *San Francisco Evening Bulletin* reflected this newfound concern with the ordinary seaman's lot in an editorial, stating that "the American Mercantile Service . . . in justice to the principles of our government . . . ought to be the most humane of any nation." The defense counsel's strategy at the trial was to justify the mutinous act by showing that the abused crewmen "were not obligated to wait until one of them was killed."

From the moment the *White Swallow* left New York for San Francisco, her crewmen had been put to work over the side scraping the hull. Not an unusual task ordinarily, this became a decided hardship when the ship was clipping along at eight or ten knots (about nine to twelve statute miles per hour). The hardship and danger multiplied when the seamen were forced to continue work on the precarious stagings (scaffolding) despite a rolling, pitching ship and stormy seas. Members of the crew complained to the mates, but their protests were met with contempt and abuse. On several occasions the seamen asked to move the stagings to the lee side of the ship to avoid the oncoming winds and spray and to lessen the force of cold rain. To such requests one mate replied, "Stay where you are, you goddamned hound, or I'll take a rope to you!"

Tragedy was inevitable. William Landers, who was working over the side when the ship was about halfway between New York and Cape Horn, was swept into the sea and drowned. Another sailor named Benson, who was working beside him, testified at the trial that "I was washed off the plank at the same time and would have drowned had I not caught a rope. I first gave the alarm of a man overboard and the vessel was put about." The order to lower a boat was given but never fully carried out: the ship was pitching so heavily in the rough seas that while the boat was being lowered away it crashed against the bulwarks, springing its seams. Benson pleaded that another boat be lowered, but the mates refused and cursed him. Another seaman testified later that the captain had railed at him when he started to throw a wooden grating to the drowning Landers, saying "Don't you throw that, you hound!" And Captain Knowles remarked during the trial that the lost sailor had been an "old man."

To induce men to "jump" at their commands, the mates used brass knuckles, and when brass failed, the belaying pin. Edward McGregor, a seaman for ten years, recalled that "I heard the mate threaten to kill some of the men before they got to 'Frisco. . . . He gave an order to haul the port lift and it was not answered promptly. . . . The mate rushed forward, saying, 'I'll make some of you answer.' Seaman Top was the first man he came to. . . . He knocked him down and hit him with a belaying pin.

Second mate J. C. Lewis admitted under examination that the officers had employed both knuckles and pin.

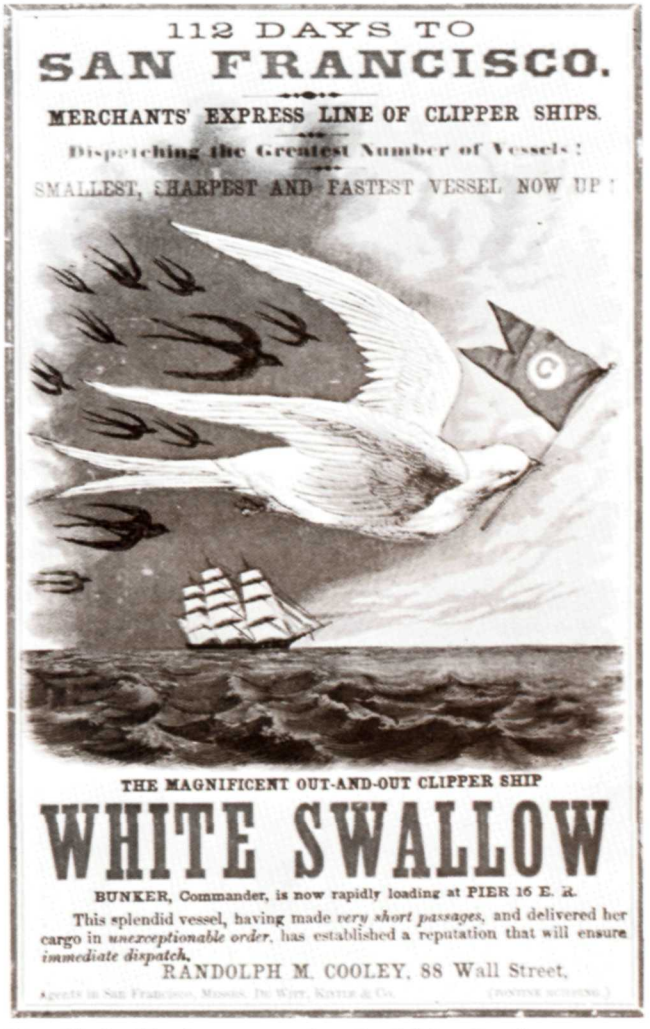
As the voyage continued, threats to the men increased. The first mate managed to antagonize every man under him. He became enraged when a Swedish sailor, whose grasp of English was limited, had difficulty in understanding his command. He forced an Irishman to strip naked before going over the side to scrape the hull; he then compounded the insult by hurling ethnic slurs. He cursed incessantly, undermining whatever dignity the men had for themselves and others. He provoked arguments, shouting at all above deck, "It's fun to lick you fellows, and if I can't lick you, I'll shoot you!"

Then one evening, another seaman, John Silver, fell overboard while furling the jib. The officers made no attempt to save his life.

THE CREW held a secret meeting to discuss the developing nightmare. They decided to take over the ship, but without malice or violence toward any officer. Taking measures to prevent temptation or tragedy, they disabled all weapons and threw all of the liquor overboard. In the words of the *Evening Bulletin,* the crew's actions were commendable by "the fact that there was no felonious intent in the revolt."

The mutineers chained the officers in their cabins for three days, but permitted Captain Knowles on deck to take navi-

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY



New York shipping agents for the White Swallow *distributed advertising cards like that above prior to the ship's departure for the West Coast.*
The White Swallow *was launched in 1853 at Medford, Massachusetts. In San Francisco she was called "one of the most beautiful, neat, trim, and best-proportioned vessels ever seen in port." Her fastest run from coast to coast was 110 days; her slowest, 150 days. She was lost in the Azores in 1871.*

gational observations and to issue necessary commands. He was made to sign an agreement that he would reconsider duty assignments and that he would not press charges once in port. He assured the men he would restrain the mates. When the officers returned topside again, there were significant changes; the abuse from the mates stopped and unnecessary or dangerous work was kept at a minimum.

A principal mutineer claimed the captain expressed fears during his confinement that "it would not look well if the owners knew the command of the ship was taken from the officers . . . it would ruin me. . . . I wouldn't be able to get another ship." Knowles later denied he had said this, strongly defending his reputation in New York and Boston.

But the case presented by Acting District Attorney R. F. Morison suffered when it became clear the only position he could sustain adequately was that Captain Knowles did not personally lay a hand on the men. Knowles himself maintained that the crew had nothing against him, noting that their complaints were mainly directed at his subordinates. He acknowledged that he had reproved the mate for his conduct, saying that he didn't want any "humming" aboard his ship, then added, "I do not think the mate was a harsh or severe man . . . he was nothing to what I have seen in officers sailing under me." And as for the hazardous tasks the men were subjected to, he insisted that "I never knew the men were over the side scraping when there was any danger. . . . I would not send any man where I could not go myself, or where I have not been myself. There is no more danger in going over a ship's side than in going on the yard-arm. . . . In fact I have oftener seen men fall from aloft than from the ship's side. . . . I tried my best endeavor to save Landers; couldn't have done any more if he had been my own brother."

Knowles denied having prevented the men from throwing the grating to Landers: "I might have said that the grating was too heavy and would sink." He was silent as to refusing to lower a second boat.

The statement Knowles signed (opposite page) had been written in the first person and its tenor suggests that he and the men had arrived at its contents together. Each party was allowed to add personal comments, and there was no pretense that mutiny had not taken place. The document's tone is a controlled, subdued one reflecting reasonable demands by captain and men alike.

The defense counsel called witnesses to the stand who were captains with experience at sea of up to twenty-five years. Their testimony, for the most part, can be summed up in the words of William C. Burtis, then master of the ship *Dreadnought*: "I should not send men over the side when the sea was so rough that men would get wet. I don't think it would be a good excuse for a captain to say, after a man has been lost by scraping at such a time, that he didn't know the sea was [so rough]. It is the duty of a ship-master to know what is going on. I should not consider it proper for an officer to refuse to allow men to change the staging when they are getting wet and asked the change. It is not proper to endanger the lives of the men in any way."

Ship's carpenter Miller of the *White Swallow*, a seaman for eight years, testified that the scraping had not been necessary and that the activity could only have been justified to obtain "good looks."

The plight of seamen aboard the *White Swallow* was exemplified by other complaints that surfaced at the trial. Unjustifiably small rations of water were said to have been meted out during the entire voyage. The steward, who testi-

fied that the beef was poor and mainly all bones except for a few pieces on the tops of the barrels, was threatened by the captain: "If you can't make a barrel of beef last twelve days, I'll stretch you and the cook upon the mainyard and take meat out of your backs."

No life buoys were on board, and when an able seaman expressed his concern, the captain responded that in all his "twenty-two years of sailing" he "never saw a life buoy on a ship yet." The planks that the men stood on when working over the side were only ten or twelve inches wide, unusually narrow considering that staging used on other ships was as much as twenty-four inches wide.

Sam Burtis, a seaman for thirteen years, disclosed a revulsion that was particularly remarkable in coming from an old shellback. He was appalled at the language used by the mates and master of the *White Swallow,* noting that "I've been on a vessel where I did not hear the men curse. I was on the *Ocean Steed,* of Boston, and never heard a man cursed the whole time. The captain was a religious man and would not allow it; everything went quiet aboard the vessel; and I have been on other vessels where there was no swearing. I think there was more cursing on the *White Swallow* than I ever heard before."

Seaman Benson, who had not joined the mutineers, believed the men "did right" and summed up the principal cause of the revolt when testifying, "I considered my life in jeopardy from the acts and threats of the officers."

IN HIS CHARGE to the jury, Judge Hoffman devoted considerable time to clarifying the meaning of the trial. The simple question for the jury to determine, he explained, was whether under all circumstances the men were justified in resorting to the extreme act of mutiny, or whether they had reasonable grounds to believe their lives and safety were in such jeopardy as to justify such a measure. He would not excuse the captain, if the mates were guilty of brutality, for the captain, also, must be held responsible. He suggested that if a precedent was established that a crew had a right to take command of a ship away from the officers, the consequences could be considered dangerous to the mercantile community. But if mutiny was justified, the judge summed up, then it was "the duty of the jury to acquit without regard to consequences."

Until the trial of the "*White Swallow* Case," it was common belief that the safety of lives and property in a merchant vessel depended solely upon "obedience, prompt and cheerful obedience." Seamen, the reasoning continued, should live with major injustices as best they could until arrival in port, then bring their complaints to the courts. The rationale concluded that this was the logical course to follow, since officers also made sacrifices for a successful voyage.

Twelve San Franciscans chose to amend that belief when

Continued on page 62

Among the exhibits at the San Francisco trial of the White Swallow *mutineers in 1866 was the remarkable document signed by the ship's captain and principal defendants at the time of the uprising. Its contents read as follows:*

YOU AND ALL are aware you have taken the command from myself and officers by mutiny at 12 o'clock at night on the 3rd of October. As you have taken all lawful command from myself and officers I trust you understand the consequences, as I have endeavored to have you to. You state that the first mate drove you to this. This is no excuse for imprisoning the master. If you all will perform the voyage and obey all lawful commands of myself and the officers, I for one will let it pass as a sad event in my life, and I trust a good example to yourself. I shall keep all hands for the present to get the ship in order. When drawing toward Cape Horn I will give watch and watch until we get in fine weather; then if all hands are needed, I must have you all when I have all hands. I shall turn you to at sunrise. One hour for dinner; one watch to get supper at 5 o'clock, or 4 bells. I shall not allow my officers to strike or abuse any of you, and in return you must repeat and obey my officers in everything. If any complain let one man come to me, and I will see if he or who may be in the wrong. The muskets are to be kept in the racks with locks off, and pistols to be returned with locks; everything to be returned before arrival in San Francisco. You further state if my officers do not sign this they are not to be let out on duty.

Names of men implicated in this affair below signed by them:

1. *Samuel Burtis*
2. *Charles Peterson*
3. *Edward McGregor*
4. *Thomas Johnson*
5. *William Top*
6. *George M. Wilson*

Total six seamen implicated in the above.
Signed by me, *Captain Elijah E. Knowles.*

Kinsey PHOTOGRAPHER

by Dave Bohn

DARIUS REYNOLDS KINSEY, age twenty, arrived in Snoqualmie, Washington Territory, in December of 1889 along with his older brother, Alfred. The two men were preceding the rest of the Kinsey clan—mother, father, three more brothers, and a sister—who were to come on from Missouri shortly. The town lot the brothers purchased on December 19 was presumably the site on which the Kinsey family built the Mt. Si Hotel.

But Darius was not long for the hostelry business. Although there is no evidence to indicate his trek across the plains was in any way connected with the specter of photography, during the first few months at Snoqualmie *someone* showed Darius a camera, and the informed guess is that an explosion occurred. I would suggest, in other words, that affinity for every respect of the medium was somehow in Darius' genes and chemistry, and that he exploded into the realm of silver halide and the ground glass. For five decades he proceeded to think, dream, indeed *live* photography.

Darius' first camera was in the 6½″ x 8½″ format, and he made his first pictures in 1890. By the following year he had acquired two more cameras, the larger one in the 8″ x 10″ size. By 1894 he was traveling through the countryside taking family portraits. By 1895 he was in partnership with brother Clark, the two of them specializing in portraits and logging and scenic views. By 1897 Darius had purchased a stereo camera, and at least by August of 1900 he had acquired the camera with which he would produce immortal work—the 11″ x 14″ "Empire State." All told, this indefatigable photographer worked in eleven formats across the years, but only one other will be mentioned here; in 1902 Darius purchased the 20″ x 24″ Empire State, thus owning, according to the local newspapers of the day, the largest camera in the state of Washington.

It was during one of his family picture-taking rambles that Darius met Tabitha May Pritts at the Pritts' homestead in Nooksack, Washington. It is not known whether Darius warned Tabitha that she might be spending fifty years in the darkroom if she married him, but warning or no, they took the vows on October 8, 1896. The following year the Kinseys built a house and opened a studio at Sedro, which became Sedro-Woolley in 1898. For the next decade Darius divided his time between the photography of logging and portraiture. Tabitha handled the processing and printing. A fine sampling of the Kinseys' studio portraiture survives: it is superb. As for the photographs Darius was taking in the woods at the turn of the century—out there with the fallers and buckers, the big trees, the oxen and horses—many of them are exquisite and they foreshadow what was to come.

At the end of 1906 the Kinseys shut down the Sedro-Woolley studio and moved to Seattle. Thereafter, the 11″ x 14″ format reigned supreme. For thirty-four years Darius roamed the camps with the big camera, photographing every aspect of logging, and then followed the timber all the way to the docks where square-riggers waited for the finished boards. Meanwhile, Tabitha developed the negatives as they were shipped to her, made contact prints, and sent the finished product back to the woods, where the loggers payed Darius fifty cents per picture ordered.

By the time Darius took his last photograph, in the fall of 1940, his work was famous throughout the entire state, but curiously, only within the timber industry, and it was regarded only as fine documentation. Yet the camera work of Darius Kinsey was really a gigantic concentration of vision that clearly transcended the mere documentation of logging and became greatness.

Dave Bohn *is a devotee of wilderness photography and a teacher of the photographic arts. He is author of* Glacier Bay *(1967) and* Back Country Journal *(1974), and has spent much of the last three years researching the life of Darius Kinsey.*

The photographs on the following pages will appear in the two-volume work Kinsey, Photographer (The Family Album and Other Early Work *and* The Magnificent Years) *by Dave Bohn and Rodolfo Petschek, to be published in June by the Scrimshaw Press,*

Men of whom legends were made: Northwest timber fallers pose reflectively among the implements of their trade—crosscut saw, double-bitted axes (partially obscured), and a bottle of saw oil.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE DARIUS KINSEY COLLECTION

Six young loggers sit comfortably in the undercut of a seventeen-foot-diameter Douglas fir. Fallers flanking them have had to cut new notches to support their precarious springboard perches as they chopped deeper into the tree. Like most of the views on these pages, this Kinsey photograph dates from the first third of the twentieth century.

With undercut completed, a seven-foot-thick fir awaits the bite of the crosscut saw. Soon the measured rasp of sawing and the thud of sledgehammer against wedges will be answered by the creaking protest of heartwood tearing asunder—and by a thunderous crash as the giant topples to earth.

High-lead loggers stand on their steam donkeys and a "cold deck" of logs dragged to the loading point from the surrounding forest. The towering spar tree, heavy blocks, and network of cables are rigged so as to hoist the ends of logs above stumps and other obstacles as they are pulled in.

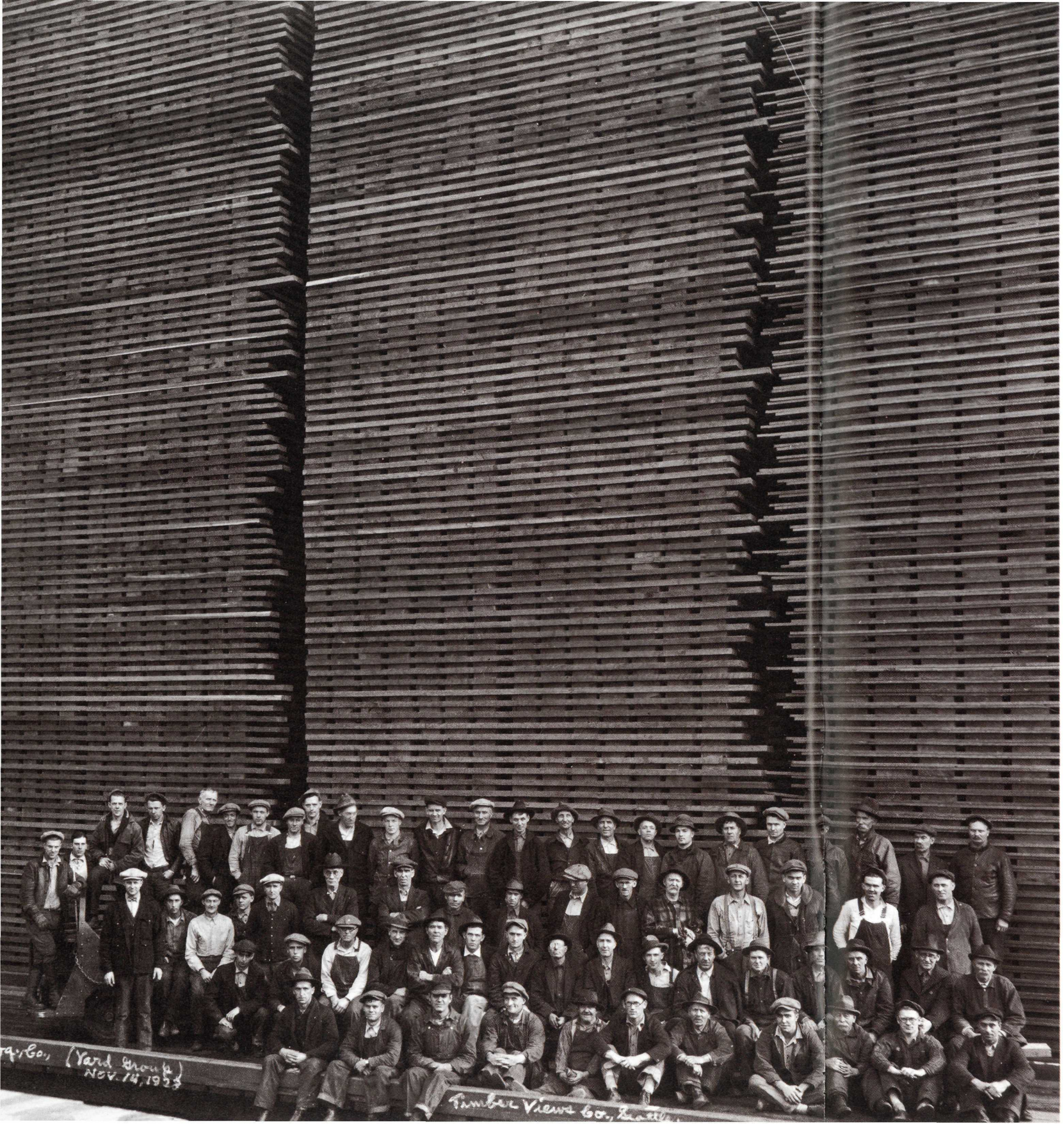
Lofty trestles for the log trains required enormous amounts of timber for construction and were among the loggers' most impressive monuments. Here a train poises nearly one hundred feet above a ravine for Kinsey's camera.

Overleaf: *In an operation reminiscent of the ox team and "skid road" of earlier days, this engine of the Forks, Washington, Logging Company backed out of the woods, dragging a string of logs along between the rails instead of carrying them on flatcars.*

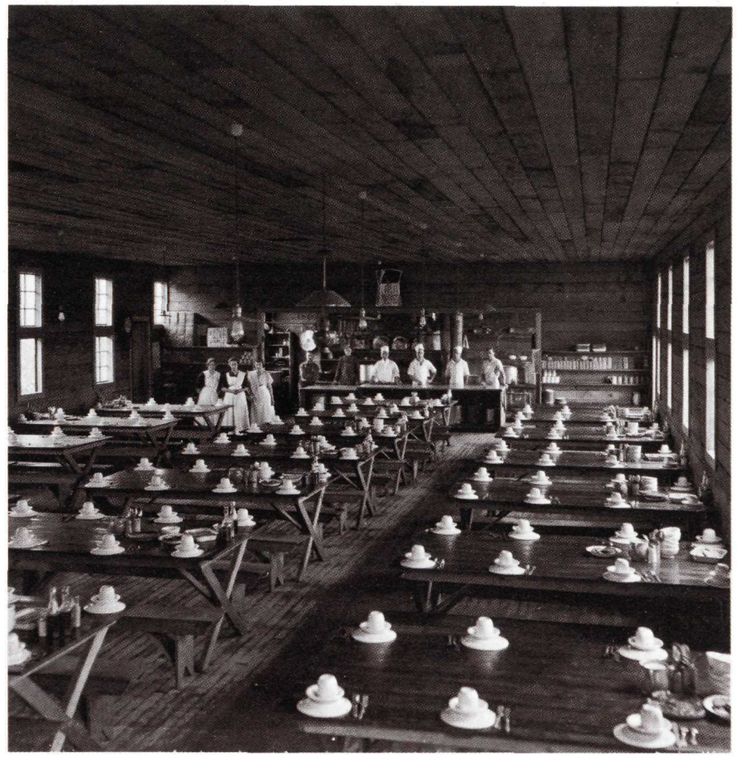

HOBO'S LOGGING CO.
2

During the early years of the twentieth century, most logs—including the nine-foot-diameter fir below—moved out of the woods by rail. But by the 1920s trucks had appeared on the scene, and examples like the chain-drive, solid-tire model above heralded a new method of transport that would eventually supplant the more glamorous log train.

A woodland giant pulling itself along by its bootstraps, this wood-burning yarder hauled itself ponderously from old job to new by winding in cables snubbed around convenient stumps. Such operations in hilly country made vertical steam drums (which kept boiler tubes safely submerged in water at any angle) a necessity in loggers' steam donkeys.



Transformed into larger-than-life figures by the harsh discipline of their calling, men of the Northwest timber industry likewise lived in an epic world of their own making. Two examples as photographed by Kinsey: sky-high stacks of cedar in a Seattle lumber yard, left, and the Spartan tables and settings in the dining hall of a Washington logging camp, below.



Darius and Tabitha Kinsey spent a half-century together documenting the world of the logger. Tabitha accomplished her own miracle in the darkroom and never once failed to get the prints out on time. And Darius, an unassuming man under a bowler, with a starched collar and one hundred pounds of equipment, accomplished miracles in the woods—quietly. Today their life work, some five thousand glass plates, endures as a fitting memorial to one man's dream—and to the men and trees he photographed.

From Old World to New with Robert Louis Stevenson

This master of fictional romance and adventure found little of either in the emigrant's lot, of which he wrote, "There is nothing more agreeable to picture and nothing more pathetic to behold."

by Phillip Drennon Thomas

AMONG THE MANY DESCRIPTIONS of travel through the American West by nineteenth-century visitors, one of the most interesting, yet poignant, is the account of his experiences among arriving emigrants by Robert Louis Stevenson, Scottish author of such diverse works as *A Child's Garden of Verses, Treasure Island,* and *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.*

Louis (the name Robert was reserved for his famous engineer father and for a cousin Robert) made his journey to the United States in 1879, at the age of twenty-eight and some time before his writings brought him fame. Though he had been interested in America as a youth and had read the frontier novels of French author Gustave Aimard, Louis made the trip not for adventure but because of a love affair. While on an extended visit to France several years earlier, he had met Fanny Vandegrift Osbourne, wife of a frontier wanderer from Kentucky. After years of patiently following her ne'er-do-well husband from mining camp to mining camp and job to job, Fanny had finally packed her bags and departed for Europe with her three children, ostensibly to study art. There she had become Stevenson's lover—and was destined eventually to marry him.

Fanny and Louis made an unlikely couple. Older than her suitor by at least a decade, Fanny was a small, determined woman of strong constitution who had experienced much hardship and little happiness in her life. Louis—who was then affecting the careless manners and dress of contemporary bohemians—was lanky of build and perennially frail of health. Having first abandoned studies in engineering for a career in law, the restless Scotsman had in turn given this up for the life of an author.

When Fanny returned to California and to an uncertain reconciliation with her husband in 1878, Louis was naturally apprehensive about the future of their relationship. Thus, when he received a cable from her in the summer of 1879 indicating she needed him, Stevenson eagerly boarded the passenger steamer *Devonia* for New York. He later described the trials of life on board ship and overland train in *The Amateur Emigrant* (1895) and *Across the Plains* (1892), accounts that today are entertaining and informative for their insights into nineteenth-century American life and travel. (Louis's wealthy father, cringing at his son's

THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Charles F. Ulrich's 1884 painting, "In the Land of Promise: Castle Garden," portrayed emigrants much like those Robert Louis Stevenson traveled with and knew.

adventures among the lower classes, was said to have paid a publisher to delay release of *The Amateur Emigrant.*)

Though Louis booked second-class passage from Glasgow to New York (so as to have a desk for writing), it was the adjoining spaces for the steerage passengers, where emigrants were packed "like herrings in a barrel," that interested him most: "Through the thin partition you can hear the steerage passengers being sick, the rattle of tin dishes as they sit at meals, the varied accents in which they converse, the crying of their children terrified by this new experience, or the clean flat smack of the parental hand in chastisement."

The realities of shipboard life that Stevenson found his less-fortunate companions enduring soon destroyed his romantic notions of the joys of emigration: "Day by day . . . this knowledge became more clear and melancholy. Emigration, from a word of the most cheerful import, came to sound dismally in my ear. There is nothing more agreeable to picture and nothing more pathetic to behold." Instead of heroic young men and women filled with ambition and plans, Stevenson found that the majority of his fellow passengers were mild-hearted people who feared the future. They "were for the most part quiet, orderly, obedient citizens, family men broken by adversity, elderly youths who had failed to place themselves in life, and people who had seen better days."

As the *Devonia* approached New York City, the ship was filled with "grisly tales" of what lay ahead in that city of sin. Even then, New York had a reputation for violence, and the emigrants prepared to land upon shores as hostile as those of a "cannibal island." Stevenson wryly observed that he was advised to speak to no one in the streets lest he be "rooked and beaten." The selection of a hotel was even more critical: "You must enter . . . with military precautions; for the least you had to apprehend was to awake next morning without any money or baggage, or necessary raiment, a lone forked radish in a bed; and if the worst befell, you would instantly and mysteriously disappear from the ranks of mankind." The fears proved to be quite unfounded, and by the time of his last trip to America eight years later, the writer had even developed a certain fondness for New York.

As a second-class passenger, Louis avoided the ordeal of passing through Castle Garden, the nineteenth-century predecessor of Ellis Island, but the greater trials of overland travel still lay ahead. At the railroad's New York ferry depot, emigrants swarmed everywhere seeking to obtain tickets for the train trip west; confusion was the norm:

COLLECTION OF AUGUST A. BUSCH, JR.

For weary occupants of slow-moving emigrant trains, the journey across the West was a dreary ride enlivened only by occasional stops at small stations like this one painted by Oscar E. Berninghaus.

"There was a Babel of bewildered men, women, and children. The wretched little booking-office, and the baggage room, which was not much larger, were crowded with emigrants, and were heavy and rank with the atmosphere of dripping clothes. . . . A bearded, mildewed little man, whom I take to have been an emigrant agent, was all over the place, his mouth full of brimstone, blustering, and interfering. It was plain that the whole system, if system there was, had utterly broken down under the strain of so many passengers."

Nevertheless, for about £12, Louis soon obtained a ticket which would take him from the "Atlantic to the Golden Gate." Staggering under the burden of a six-volume set of Bancroft's *History of the United States* in addition to his regular luggage, he joined the exodus of ferryboat passengers at Jersey City, which "was done in a stampede. I had a fixed sense of calamity, and to judge by conduct, the same persuasion was common to us all. . . . People pushed, elbowed, and ran, the families following how they could." Having survived this epic struggle, the passengers arrived at the railroad terminus to find that "there was no waiting room, no refreshment room; the cars were locked; and for at least another hour, or so it seemed, we had to camp upon the draughty, gaslit platform."

Once under way, Stevenson found train travel even more arduous and frustrating than shipboard life. Throughout the first long day "the whole line, it appeared, was topsy-turvy; an accident at midnight having thrown all the traffic hours into arrear. We paid for this in the flesh, for we had no meals all that day . . . now and then we had a few minutes at some station with a meagre show of rolls and sandwiches for sale; but we were so many and so ravenous that, though I tried at every opportunity, the coffee was always exhausted before I could elbow my way to the counter."

In Chicago the travelers had to change cars and railroads, and the weary writer's description of the consequent ordeal was one that can be readily appreciated by any who have traveled long distances: "I can safely say, I have never been so dog-tired as that night in Chicago. When it was time to start, I descended the platform like a man in a dream. It was a long train, lighted from end to end; and car after car, as I came up with it, was not only filled but overflowing. My valise, my knapsack, my rug, with those six ponderous tomes of Bancroft, weighed me double; I was hot, feverish, painfully athirst; and there was a great darkness over me, an internal darkness. . . . When at last I found an empty bench, I sank into it like a bundle of rags, the world seemed to swim away into the distance, and my consciousness dwindled within me to a mere pin's head, like a taper on a foggy night."

AT COUNCIL BLUFFS Stevenson transferred again — this time to a train which was devoted exclusively to emigrants—and here he "was sorted and boxed for the journey." One car was reserved for families and women and children, another for men traveling alone, still another for Chinese passengers: "The class to which I belonged was of course far the largest, and we ran over, so to speak, to both sides; so that there were some Caucasians among the Chinamen, and some bachelors among the families. But our own car was pure from admixture, save for one little boy of eight or nine, who had the whooping-cough."

Louis was not lavish in his praise of the Union Pacific car to which he was assigned, describing it in stark terms: "I suppose the reader has some notion of an American railroad car, that long, narrow wooden box, like a flat roofed Noah's ark, with a stove and convenience, one at either end, a passage down the middle, and transverse benches upon either hand." He found little comfort in these crudely constructed conveyances which were remarkable only for "their extreme plainness" and for the inefficacy of their lamps which while burning gave only a "dying glimmer" and which all too frequently went out. Relief from the hard benches—"too short for anything but a young child"—could be only obtained by purchasing straw cushions from young entrepreneurs. (Louis learned to his chagrin that as the train continued down the track the bedding for which he had paid $2.50 soon dropped in price to $1.50 and still later to only 50¢.)

Travel on the emigrant train was slow and generally unpleasant. The passengers were constantly harried by conductors who moved them from point to point with almost total indifference. Stevenson lamented that "civility is the main comfort that you miss. Equality, though conceived very largely in America, does not extend so low down as to an emigrant." Indeed, Stevenson remarked that some conductors didn't even like to communicate with the travelers. One official, after repeatedly refusing to answer the very human question of what time the train would stop for dinner, finally replied that it was "his principle not to tell people where they were to dine; for one answer led to many other questions, as what o'clock it was? or, how soon should we be there? and he could not afford to be eternally worried." Louis even contended that emigrant trains would steal away from stations without the customary warning of "All aboard!"

The trains themselves were frequently sidetracked so that express trains could pass, "for haste is not the foible of an emigrant train. It gets through on sufferance, running the gauntlet among its more considerable brethren; should there be a block, it is unhesitatingly sacrificed."

Breakfast time was seemingly the one relief from the unremitting wear and tear of travel: "Before the sun was up the stove would be brightly burning; at the first station the natives would come on board with milk and eggs and coffee cakes; and soon from end to end the car would be filled with little parties breakfasting upon the bed-boards. It was the pleasantest hour of the day."

Passing through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, Louis had been entertained by the constantly changing panorama outside the car windows—fields of tall corn, stately trees, and "clean, bright, gardened townships." He regarded the region as a "sort of flat paradise" but one "not unfrequented by the devil. That morning dawned with such a freezing chill as I have rarely felt. . . . day came in with a shudder." He observed that "the fences along the line bore but two descriptions of advertisement; one to recommend tobaccos, and the other to vaunt remedies against the ague."

As the train continued further west, however, the seemingly never-ending bleakness of the world beyond the tracks temporarily stilled his innate romanticism. It was an empty world "almost without feature" that he was now traveling through, with the tracks of the railroad stretching from horizon to horizon "like a cue across a billiard-table." As the train "toiled over this infinity like a snail," Louis pondered "upon the weariness of those who passed by there in the old days, at the foot's pace of oxen, painfully urging their teams, and with no landmarks but that unattainable evening sun for which they steered, and which daily fled them by an equal stride." Overwhelmed by the vastness of the plains, Stevenson questioned the frontier life of Nebraska settlers: "What livelihood can repay a human creature for a life spent in this huge sameness? He is cut off from books, from news, from company, from all that can relieve existence but the persecution of his affairs."

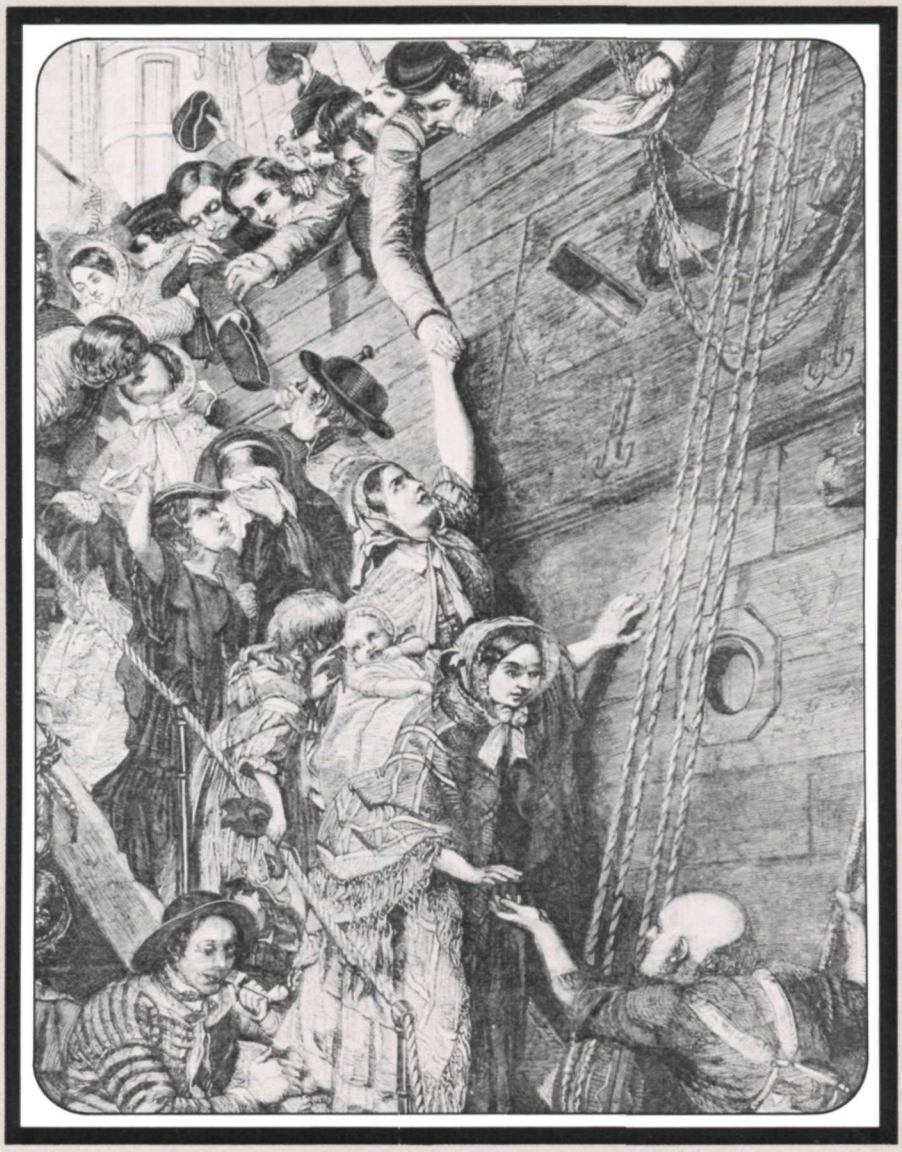
Stevenson was equally appalled by the harshness of the mountains and deserts in Wyoming, with their "sage-brush, eternal sagebrush": "Hour after hour it was the same unhomely and unkindly world about our onward path; tumbled boulders, cliffs that drearily imitate the shape of monuments and fortifications—how drearily, how tamely, none can tell who has not seen them; not a tree, not a patch of sward, not one shapely or commanding mountain form. . . . Except for the air, which was light and stimulating, there was not one good circumstance in that God-forsaken land." The writer's less-than-sanguine view of this region may have been tempered in part by his becoming ill shortly after leaving Laramie, the relentless wear of rail travel finally taking its toll on his weakened body: "I am told I looked like a man at death's door, so much had this long journey shaken me."

While he did not wax eloquent about the beauties of the mountains, he did marvel at man's skills in building a railroad through them. As befitted the son and grandson of engineers who had built lighthouses on the storm-swept shores of Scotland, he sang a paeon of praise to the train's conquest of these rugged regions. It was the triumvirate of iron, steel, and steam which conquered the wilderness. "The

Continued on page 60

The Emigrant's Progress

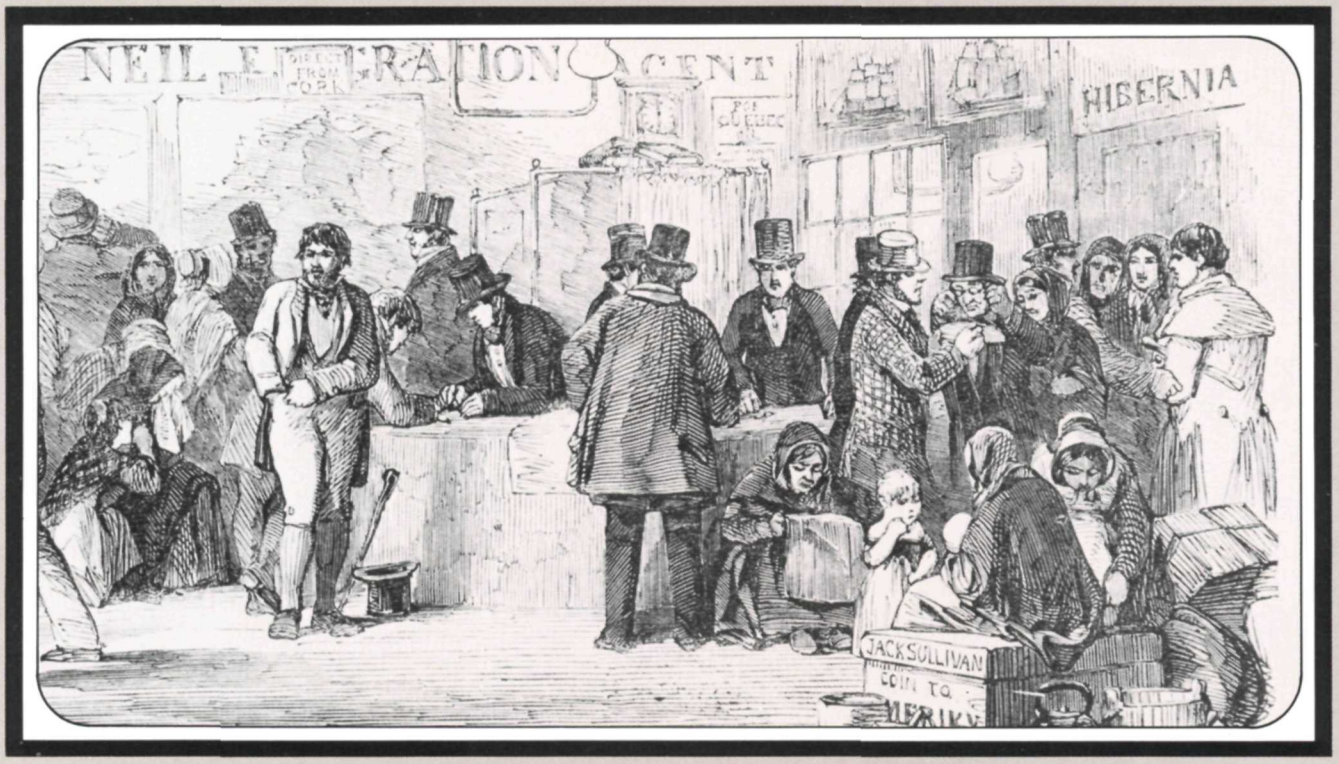
HARPER'S WEEKLY; STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY



English emigrants, some leaving families behind, board a ship for America.

Being a portfolio of nineteenth-century sketches in words and pictures showing the discomforts and joys of journeying to a new life in America

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS; STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY



Preparing to leave the Old World: paying out passage money at a Liverpool emigration agent's office.

One of the great experiences of our American past was the exodus to these shores of some ten million Europeans during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Perhaps due to the sheer numbers of people involved—or possibly because these millions of poor and near-poor have seemed somehow less glamorous than the trailblazers they followed—the significance of their experience has become a seemingly-overlooked part of our heritage. On this and the following pages we share with our readers a collection of excerpts adapted from pictorial journals and books of the period, which may serve to remind us of the hardships the emigrants willingly faced as an unavoidable prelude to the blessings of freedom and opportunity. The editors

THE TRIALS, privations, disappointments, and ultimate rewards of the European emigrant to America yet await their Homer. No writer has done justice to the domestic romance of the emigrant's fortunes. They are an unexplored mine of pathos, suffering, and hope; rich in yield to him who shall delve therein in the proper spirit, and with the proper tools.

From the hour of his departure to the hour of his settlement on his final resting-place, the emigrant is a prey to human vultures. At the great ports where emigrants embark in the Old World—Liverpool, Limerick, Glasgow, Belfast, Bremen, Amsterdam, Le Havre—a brood of hungry rascals earn a fat livelihood by cheating them. Some are tricked into purchasing spurious tickets; others are duped into the acquisition of worthless stores; many are robbed outright. The most fortunate are they who simply pay a bonus to the sharks for tickets which are good, certainly, but which are sold at an advance over their proper cost. The business is most profitable at Liverpool—which is the largest emigrant depot of the Old World. There is a firm in that city which has carried on the business of swindling emigrants systematically for years. It rarely wastes time on the poorer classes, such as those who are shipped by Unions or landlords; but it hardly ever lets an emigrant of the better class out of its clutches till he has parted with his last dollar. . . .

ONE MORNING Giles finds himself surrounded by his numerous family and baggage on the great landing-stage at Liverpool. The vast floating pier is crowded with departing emigrants, who are as confused and frightened as a flock of sheep. The majority are English, Irish, and Scotch; but there are also bearded Russians and Poles; Italians, some of them carrying musical instruments; and a considerable number of Germans. Mr. Giles is a little dismayed by the appearance of his prospective traveling companions. A good many sinister men and loose women are noticeable, and Giles thinks sadly of the distant corners of the earth which must have been swept out in the gathering of them. But among the unclean outcasts the sturdy plowman rejoices to find a few who are like himself and his wife—neat in dress

TEXT THIS PAGE ADAPTED FROM MATERIAL IN HARPER'S WEEKLY AND SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Thoughts of friends and home: an emigrant family's first day at sea.

and cleanly in person. The busy, gold-laced interpreters and emigration agents treat all alike, however, answering questions gruffly or not at all, and often causing the hot blood to rush madly into Giles's indignant face.

After much worry and noise, the emigrants are taken from the landing-stage by a small steamboat and conveyed to the large vessel anchored in the stream. As they pass up the narrow gangway the tickets are scanned by one officer, while another orders "single men forrad," and "single women aft." So the crowd is divided into two streams, and in the course of an hour the decks of the big steamship are reduced to a condition of order.

OUR PICTURE [page 32] is a faithful representation of the scene that ensues at departure—the crowding, the scramble, the hurry up the ship-ladder, the lighthearted and the sad farewells, the parting that may be for a few months or for life, the buoyant hopefulness of the young and strong, the solicitude and despondency of those who feel that they may be leaving their old, dear homes in their own land to find only a grave beyond the sea. . . .

IT MAY NOT now be out of place for me to send you a sketch of the interior of one of those vessels where, if I am given rightly to understand, man, woman, and child are obliged to huddle together like pigs at a fair. But then the ship is partitioned, divided, and formed exactly according to the strict letter of the law, and none can grumble, yet few can go on board one of them without being instantly struck with the chances that appear of the complete demoralization of the whole group; and what it must be when the sea rolls heavily, when the hatches are all closed, and the ship heaves and labors in the storm, can be much better imagined by others than described by me.

GILES AND HIS FRIENDS, who have never been afloat before in their lives, are slow in settling down to the routine of the voyage. While the weather is fine, their sufferings are not very great. Three meals are served every day and both in quantity, which is unlimited, and in quality, which is variable, the rations are better than the law demands. Breakfast, at eight o'clock, consists of oatmeal porridge and molasses, salt fish, hot bread, and coffee; dinner, at twelve, of soup or broth, boiled meats, potatoes, and bread; and supper, at six, of tea, bread, butter, and molasses. But the manner in which the meals are served is careless and uncleanly. The beef, soup, and porridge are placed on the table in great, rusty-looking tins, which need scrubbing; and the passengers scramble for the first choice, often using their dirty fingers instead of their forks, in making a selection. Mrs. Giles finds her appetite gone after watching a filthy ragpicker plunge his hand into a dish of meat for a tender piece.

TEXT THESE PAGES ADAPTED FROM MATERIAL IN THE AMATEUR EMIGRANT, HARPER'S WEEKLY, THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, AND SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS; STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Emigrants at dinner: a typical scene in the steerage of a transatlantic passenger vessel.

The stewards themselves are greasy, and want washing. The potatoes are bad, and the bread is not baked enough.

Still, while the sea is calm, Giles can take his family on deck and brace them with the glorious fresh air, which brings roses to pallid cheeks. Indeed, the emigrants are quite merry on deck during a warm summer's day. Some of the Italians are dragged from their suffocating retreat over the gratings of the engine-room, and induced to give a concert with their harps and violins, to which the cabin passengers liberally subscribe. Card-parties are formed and checker-boards roughly made for the occasion. Giles lies basking at full length on a hatchway, dreaming over an old newspaper.

It is when a storm comes that the emigrants suffer most. The hatches are battened down, the ports screwed in their places as tightly as possible, and the companion-ways closed. So long as the sea sweeps the decks, Giles and thirteen hundred others are confined to the steerage. It may be for a day, or two or three days. . . .

STEERAGE NO. ONE was shaped like an isosceles triangle, the sides opposite the equal angles bulging outward with the contour of the ship. It was lined with eight pens of sixteen bunks apiece, four bunks below and four above on either side. At night the place was lit with two lanterns, one to each table. As the steamer beat her way among the rough billows, the light passed through violent phases of change, and was thrown to and fro and up and down with startling swiftness. You were tempted to wonder, as you looked, how so thin a glimmer could control and disperse such solid blackness. When Jones and I entered we found a little company of our acquaintances seated together at the triangular foremost table. A more forlorn party, in more dismal circumstances, it would be hard to imagine. The motion here in the ship's nose was very violent; the uproar of the sea often overpoweringly loud. The yellow flicker of the lantern spun round and round and tossed the shadows in masses. The air was hot, but it struck a chill from its fetor. From all round in the dark bunks, the scarcely human noises of the sick joined into a kind of farmyard chorus. In the midst, these five friends of mine were keeping up what heart they could in company. Singing was their refuge from discomfortable thoughts and sensations. One piped, in feeble tones, "Oh why left I my hame?" which seemed a pertinent question in the circumstances. Another, from the invisible horrors of a pen where he lay dog-sick upon the upper shelf, found courage, in a blink of his sufferings, to give us several verses of the "Death of Nelson"; and it was odd and eerie to hear the chorus breathe feebly from all sorts of dark corners, and "this day has done his dooty" rise and fall and be taken up again in this dim *inferno,* to an accompaniment of plunging, hollow-sounding bows and the rattling spray-showers overhead.

BOTH PAGES: FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER; NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Stepping ashore into the New World: immigrants of the 1870s arrive at Castle Garden, New York.

GILES IS PALE and feverish when he reaches the open air again, and his wife and children are too weak to stand. The deck is still wet and the wind boisterous; but he cannot endure that "black hole" of a steerage. The thought of the filth he has seen and the dread of contamination sicken him. The company is to blame, he thinks, for crowding so many people together; but the habits of some of the emigrants are even more to blame than the overcrowding. . . .

In nine or ten days the voyage draws to a close, and hope is revived in Giles's breast. He has very hazy ideas of the country he is approaching and believes that its characteristic features are Indians, buffaloes, and log-cabins. Very likely he expects to obtain a view of the Rocky Mountains from Chicago, see war-chiefs in their paint on the streets, and hunt for his supper before he eats it. He has heard much about the great cities, but it never enters his head that New York has any of the magnificence of London. His surprise is unbounded when the steamer arrives at quarantine. The cultivated lands on the heights of Staten Island and on the Long Island shore, the tasteful houses, the appearance of wealth, comfort, and beauty on each side of the Narrows, astonish him and excite his warmest admiration. If he is fortunate, the day is warm and sunshiny and tempered by a delicious breeze coming in from the sea. That cloud which looms at the head of the bay—that, he is told, is New York, the gateway to the land of promise, and he points it out to Mrs. Giles and the children to their intense satisfaction.

A little towboat brings the doctor on board—not the ship's doctor, but the health officer of the port, who inspects the steerage and the emigrants. As there are no cases of an infectious disease, the steamer is allowed to proceed to the city. Soon the ship's pulse ceases to beat, and several large barges are towed alongside. The baggage is brought from the hold and transferred, along with the emigrant passengers, to these tenders. There is the same confusion and uproar as at the outset of the voyage. The bewildered people are browbeaten and driven about in the most inconsiderate manner.

The barges are soon moored to the wharf at Castle Garden, where the custom-house officers are waiting to examine the baggage. Battered old chests, barrels, and great bundles of clothes are packed together, much against the wishes of their owners, who are in terror of losing all their worldly treasure. The officers then set to work, with turned-up sleeves, and faces expressive of repugnance. Some of the bundles are uninviting, but they are explored and turned upside down and inside out with a degree of energy and speed highly creditable to the inspectors. . . .

AT LAST the emigrant lands on American soil. In olden times his condition at this stage in his fortunes was truly pitiable. Federal, state, and municipal authorities regarded

TEXT THESE PAGES ADAPTED FROM MATERIAL IN HARPER'S WEEKLY AND SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY

A scene in the great rotunda of Castle Garden, where immigrants were registered and processed.

him with as much indifference as if he had been a bale of cheap goods. Scoundrels of the very lowest caliber—emigrant runners—seized him and made him their own. If he had any money, they robbed him of it. If he had a pretty wife or daughters, they stole them too, if they could. If he had neither money nor daughters, they merely took his luggage. . . .

This is ancient history now. A few years ago, the railways of New York grew jealous of the emigrant runners and proposed to monopolize the business. With the aid of certain politicians, they established an emigrant depot at Castle Garden, where emigrants are now landed and whence they are forwarded to their destinations. Into this depot the old class of robbers known as runners are not openly permitted to enter. It is a vast improvement on the old system; though whether it be itself untainted by corruption appears to be a matter of debate.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF EMIGRATION have perfected a system which works with mathematical precision. Precision is needed, for nearly seven hundred foreign steamers laden with precious human freight land at this port each year. Castle Garden, as every New Yorker knows, looks out upon the bay. When the passengers reach the Rotunda, which is spacious enough to shelter several thousand, they are carefully registered. Every important particular—birthplace, age, point of departure from Europe, occupation, and destination—is noted down. For some, friends and relatives are waiting. The officers of the commission supervise these meetings to make sure that no fraud is practiced. For some of the newly arrived strangers, packages of money have been sent to pay their fares inland; after proper identification these are handed over. Clerks are ready at desks to write letters in any language of Europe, and a telegraph operator is nearby to forward dispatches to any part of the continent. A restaurant under the roof furnishes plain food at moderate prices; cooking-stoves, with fires burning, enable families to prepare, if they wish, their own food. Such as are sick are removed to a temporary hospital on the premises, where they have the best of medical attendance. Those who are seriously ill are carried by boat to Ward's Island.

But the emigrant is all this time only on the edge of America. Indeed, he has not yet touched the continent; he has but set foot on one of the outlying islands. He can hear the roar of New York outside, but dare not trust himself alone to the streets. The great railway lines have offices inside the Garden where he can buy his tickets to the far West under the inspection of the commissioners. At the broker's desk he exchanges his foreign money for current American funds, and later steam-tugs convey him and his fellows to the railway stations, so that they are not brought into contact with the dense crowds of the city.

"Aboard a modern ship of the plains": a typical view of an emigrant railroad car of the 1880s.

SOMEWHERE ALONG the line—at Bismarck or at Mandan —they have attached an emigrant "sleeper" to our train. As we pass from our luxurious Pullman through the comfortably furnished and well-equipped dining car to the emigrant coach [above], we are reminded somewhat of the various degrees of the passage forward from the saloon to the steerage of a first-class steamer; and strangely like those of the average steerage are the inmates of the crowded "sleeper," which, crossing the platforms between the coaches, we now enter.

Pushing our way through a sort of vestibule in which, securely bolted to the floor, stands a stove with two or three women grouped about it (watching the contents of some tin pannikins in which they are heating some food), we look into the body of the car, which is arranged in sections with upper and lower berths, much on the same plan as in the first-class sleeping cars. There is no attempt at ornamentation, however, and no upholstering; but everything seems strong and well made. Most of the berths are turned up for the day, and the passengers, of various nationalities and conditions of life, are seated in the sections, gazing out of the windows at the strange landscape or occupied with some task or amusement.

Right in front of us, her baby at her breast, sits a comely German woman, knitting complacently at some blue worsted-work and keeping her eye on a flaxen-haired youngster, who, seated on the floor of the car at our feet, is ingesting a not over-savory mess from a tin dish before her. Parcels and boxes are stowed under the seat, a bird-cage and some clothing hang suspended from pegs, while behind the woman, in the next section, looking down from the upper berth, the father, frowzy-haired and with matted, unkempt beard, lies stretched at full length, smoking his porcelain pipe in calm indifference to the olfactory nerves of his fellow-passengers.

A respectable, neat old Englishman in corduroy clothes and a billycock hat sits with folded hands in the opposite section, while a delicate, pretty girl in a black dress gazes dreamily out of the window at his side. Back in the car, up the long perspective of the aisle, various groups are gathered together according to their nationalities or dispositions, talking and laughing or moving about on different errands, while one little knot of men, from their physiognomy and dress evidently subjects of "her Majesty," are listening with intent faces to some yarn from one of the train-men.

And so the day wears on. Momentarily something new occurs to claim our attention. The ranches and farms grow less frequent; sometimes we run for miles without catching sight of a human habitation excepting a section-house now and then. The character of the country is changing, the flat plains are behind us, curious little mounds appear, and over the horizon the hills rise against the sky in weird, fantastic shapes. Bands of cattle appear occasionally, looking with

"Switched off": emigrants at a remote western station.

Their journey ended, emigrants begin a new life.

half-scared, puzzled eyes at the passing train, and huddling close together in almost compact masses.

On and still onward, the western sky a fiery red, and the long northern twilight softening the outline of the buttes still rising around us; onward past the buildings of the ranch of a foreign "cattle king," past the distant flickering fires of some camp; onward across the Montana line, roaring and panting into the growing gloom of the night closing down over the landscape.

Far above the now-faint red streak on the far western horizon glows and sparkles a star, shining in the firmament with a steady light, a fit symbol of the mighty empire marching irresistibly onward over a continent. Westward ho!

THE CARS, which are often old ones fitted up for human freight, may be crowded to their utmost capacity, and as they are generally attached to a freight train, their progress is necessarily very slow. But as a rule the emigrants keep good-natured and hopeful, and cheer themselves with the brilliant visions they conjure up before them of the new homes they are going to find in the West.

One of the miseries to which they are subjected is that of being "switched off" on a side track to make room for freight cars on the train. Sometimes they are compelled to wait for hours before a train comes up to take them on. When this happens at a small way-station remote from a village, the poor people are very apt to suffer. Our illustration [above left] was sketched from an actual scene. In this case the immigrant party, which included old people, delicate women, and children, were compelled to remain all night exposed to a cold, drenching rain.

THE LAST STAGE of the emigrant's progress is accomplished by rail and, as far as the vehicle is concerned, it is the least pleasant. An emigrant train is usually made up of dingy old passenger cars, with few windows or means of ventilation. It runs on special time and is managed by conductors of more than ordinary brutality. Each seat has its occupant, and the atmosphere of the car soon becomes almost suffocating. At Albany, Rochester, and Buffalo, agents of the commissioners examine the passengers and assist them with information; but it is not their business to find fault with the railroad company, and they never do.

The long, hot, dusty days lapse into long, hot and dreary nights. The passengers turn as well as they can in the narrow space of their seats and groan in the vain endeavor to get a wink of refreshing sleep. But after a seeming eternity of misery the emigrant farmer arrives at his new home and, with his wife and little ones, stands gazing at a broad expanse of untilled land. His work is before him, and it will not be complete until the waste has been cleared and the earth has yielded a tribute to his industry.

R.L.S. and the Old Goat Ranch

by Glenn A. Blacklock

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S "goat ranch adventure" was perhaps the most dramatic episode of his four-month visit to California's Monterey Bay area in 1879. Happening as it did at a most uncertain period in his courtship of Fanny Osbourne, the story gives added insight into the essence of this frail Scotsman.

Louis Stevenson had met and fallen in love with the beautiful and talented Mrs. Osbourne during a visit to the artsy city of Grez, France, in 1876. She was a sometime art student from America, the mother of an eighteen-year-old daughter, Belle, and of an eight-year-old son, Lloyd. Another son, Harvey, had died of tuberculosis that spring, just a few months before Louis and Fanny met.

When Fanny's husband, Captain Sam Osbourne, tired of supporting his wife's art education in France, she returned to California and for a short time to their home in Oakland. Sam had a job in San Francisco and, it seems, several lady friends. Within a year Fanny, along with Belle, Lloyd, and her sister Nellie Vandegrift, were living in Monterey.

Whatever the ebb and flow of love were doing to Fanny, for Louis love was not to be thwarted by oceans and continents. A distress cable sent a full year after their parting set Louis to packing. It is assumed that the cable suggested Fanny was seriously ill. Desperate, almost penniless, and at odds with his wealthy father, Louis made attempts to borrow from his friends, but scraped up only just enough for the trip. He left Scotland aboard the steamer *Devonia* on August 7, 1879. [Stevenson's voyage and subsequent train ride across the United States is described on pages 28–31.]

Louis arrived in Monterey physically sick, mentally exhausted, and with an advanced case of eczema.

Fanny was no doubt delighted that Louis had traveled such a distance to be with her, but if her cablegrams had intimated she was ill, she had since grown stronger, and now it was Louis who was sick. Moreover, he was feeling far too weak to endure the bitter disappointments that soon affected their immediate relationship. Fanny was still attached—the reluctant wife of Captain Sam Osbourne. Sam and Fanny evidently had numerous short-lived reconciliations that kept Louis's emotions in turmoil. He was aware, too, that his parents were deeply disturbed that their only son, at twenty-nine, had followed an American married woman several years his senior from France to California.

Brokenhearted, discouraged, and enervated, Louis remembered how camping trips in Europe had always renewed his spirits and rested him. So he rented a horse and wagon and headed into the Santa Lucia Mountains to the southeast of Monterey. A letter he wrote on September 9 to Charles Baxter, a college chum, tells something of his desperation. It says in part: "My news is nil. I know nothing. I go out camping, that is all I know. Today I leave, and shall likely be three weeks in camp. I shall send you a letter from there with more guts than this, and now say good bye to you, having had the itch and a broken heart."

In that extreme emotional state Louis wandered around in the hills until he tired. Then suddenly the weather turned cold. Taken with a chill, Louis crawled into his blankets. For several days he did little but leave his bedroll to kindle

GLENN A. BLACKLOCK

Now in ruins, this house once figured in a near-tragic episode of Robert Louis Stevenson's 1879 California visit.

a fire and heat coffee, then crawl back under the blankets again. He felt himself to be in some sort of "stupor." Eventually he was found somewhere between life and death by two retired sea captains, Anson Smith and Jonathan Wright, who were engaged in keeping bees and raising Angora goats on Wright's nearby ranch.

From Wright's goat ranch, about eighteen miles southeast of Monterey, Louis again wrote Baxter on September 24. He described the clinking of goat bells which announced the arrival of the herd and the nearing of dinner time. He also spoke of an attic room in the ranch house: "I am lying in an upper chamber nearly naked, with flys crawling all over me. . . ."

Louis recuperated at the ranch for about two weeks. (Later he would pay for his care by tutoring Wright's little girls when their mother was ill.) His brush with death left a deep impression: within a few days after his return to Monterey, Louis sent the first draft of his poem "The Requiem" to his friend and literary advisor, Sidney Colvin, suggesting that it be used as his epitaph. (In 1897, three years after Stevenson's death in Samoa, a bronze plaque was placed on his tomb inscribed with the words of "The Requiem.")

Back in Monterey, Louis found the situation much improved. If part of his reason for taking to the hills was to give Fanny a chance to resolve the uncertainty she felt, that plan proved sound. The realization that she had almost lost Louis seemed to cement her love for him. The decision was made. She would divorce Captain Osbourne and marry poor Louis, who wondered if he might survive until the ceremony.

TODAY the rooming house in Monterey where Robert Louis Stevenson stayed is preserved as a state historical monument. Formerly known as the Old French Hotel, it now contains many Stevenson mementos. His room, complete with writing table, gives the visitor the eerie feeling that Louis's spectre had been there just the evening before, shuffling through his papers.

Not so well preserved are the buildings of the old goat ranch. A framework of splintering timbers with two stone fireplaces still stands at the site on Robinson Canyon Road. Even in the bright California sunshine the skeletal remains seem almost ominous. You think of the pallid Stevenson lying cold and uncomforted under some tree on a nearby hill. You realize this is where he had his death dream, this is where the thoughts for "The Requiem" emerged: "Here he lies, where he longed to be; Home is the sailor, home from the sea. . . ."

You look at the building from a gate where conspicuous "No Trespassing" signs remind you that this is private property and a hazardous fire area, but your thoughts are attuned to goat bells of long ago. A young woman stops her car, walks to the gate, and adds her gaze to yours. "That's the house that Robert Louis Stevenson built," she volunteers; "His ghost has been seen there." You nod silently, reflecting to yourself that the truth is as much touched with appeal and romance as is the legend.

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One of England's few claims on the early West: Drake's 1579 landing in "New Albion" (California).

A Bicentennial Trilogy

Welsh Indians and Other Anglo Fables

The English foothold in the wilderness was tenuous – and where knowledge left off, fantasy filled the gap

by Larry L. Meyer

In this and the two following issues of THE AMERICAN WEST *we are pleased to present highlights from the forthcoming book* Shadow of a Continent, *which deals with the nations and forces that shaped the American West of 1776. This excerpt discusses aspects of the English foothold in the West up to 1776; articles in succeeding issues will treat aspects of the French and Spanish frontiers.*

THERE WAS a kind of phantom truth lurking in the early legends associated with the American West. Many, but not all, of those stories concocted in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were later found to have had at least a kernel of substance. The Bering Strait and the Arctic Ocean did constitute a seasonal Northwest Passage, although it did not resemble the prized and fabled Strait of Anian and was useless for commercial purposes. There was the Great Salt Lake of present-day Utah, which partly fitted Spanish and French notions of an inland lake of salt. There was also a Great River of the West in the Columbia-Snake system which, if it did not connect with that lake of salt, at least reached the "shining mountains" that Frenchmen had been told about or had seen from afar; the Rockies just happened to be a lot higher and a lot wider than anyone could have guessed. The gold and silver that Spain was seeking (and that France and England believed had been found) was there in abundance all along, awaiting a discoverer with the technology to extract it.

The Indian was the crucial agent in the dissemination of knowledge about the West. He, after all, lived there—for how long the European could only wonder, but it had been a long time. When he was unhappy with the white invader, and had had his fill of sharing his cornfields and streams with those who dishonored his religion and all but enslaved

his children, he naturally spoke of the spoils to be had elsewhere—anywhere—just to get the white man off his back. But there were other times when he wanted to please, when relations were cordial and the trade items the white man brought were eagerly sought. Questions of what lay beyond might be answered honestly with all he knew, but what he knew was chiefly what had been passed from mouth to mouth, through translation after translation, over great distances. Distortions were inevitable.

The European frontier must have had its gainsayers, those who winked at each other whenever rumor of another silver mountain or lake of gold started making the rounds: *Plus ca change, la plus de la même chose.* There were also skeptics in Paris and Madrid who issued the often conservative colonial policies regarding stepped-up explorations of the trans-Mississippi West. Any adventurer who came to court with another scheme had better make it good; those quick returns that were promised had a way of showing up in red ink. Of course, it was fine if the petitioner was willing to finance the venture himself, but if royal funds were needed—well, they had already been earmarked for the war. (The Continent never lacked for wars.)

England was the exception. The English had no frontier in the trans-Mississippi West until the 1760s. A few drifters and traders might have wandered out that way, but if so they had not provided much in the way of first-hand information. So England borrowed. Spanish documents were translated, as were the works of Father Louis Hennepin, Baron Lahontan, Le Page du Pratz, and Jean-Bernard Bossu. Often, these translations might begin with a preface that demeaned the achievements of France or Spain and speculated that if England had those western lands (the recommendation to take them by force was implied if not stated), she would manage them a lot better. Between the lines appears the peculiar racial pride that afflicted the English—not just during their eighteenth-century rise to imperial eminence, but with origins at least as far back as Elizabethan times. The Spanish were benighted people and the French lewd and frivolous. It was the English who were destiny's chosen.

But the English also had a nagging obsession with law and rights. There had to be a legal foundation for their claims on the West. Drake's 1579 voyage to the California coast was therefore cited periodically; New Albion predated any Spanish presence there—wherever "there" was. Prior discovery took precedence over occupation, a principle also invoked at least once against the French and their Louisiana colony.

By 1698, Daniel Coxe, a London physician, had bought what he thought was the proprietorship of Carolana, a province-on-paper that extended westward from central Virginia on the north and Florida on the south to the Mississippi River valley. Coxe actually outfitted an expedition to take possession of his Carolana, but it was driven off by the French at the mouth of the Mississippi.

Dr. Coxe, who never saw the New World, had a son, also named Daniel, who did—spending fourteen years in New Jersey before getting into hot water with the colonial government and hurrying back to England. Coxe Junior tried to make good his father's title. He published in 1722 *A Description of the English Province of Carolana,* which not only verified his just claim on the territory as his father's heir but made an appeal to the patriotism of the English to take what was rightfully theirs, or, more accurately, his. He had it on good authority that English mariners had beaten the French to the West. One of two unnamed vessels "discovered the mouths of the great and famous river Meschacebe, or, as term'd by the French, Mississippi, enter'd and ascended at above one hundred miles, and had perfected a settlement therein, if the captain of the other ship had done his duty and not deserted them." But at least that crew of river-running English had taken possession of the country in the king's name, "and left, in several places, the arms of Great-Britain affix'd on Boards and trees for a memorial thereof." It was the first ship to enter the Mississippi from the sea, Coxe insisted, and the "boasts and falsities of the French" were at last exposed.

Daniel Coxe the Younger had a lot more to say about his country's unoccupied territory, most of it cribbed from Lahontan and other Frenchmen, but some of it fresh from the obscure journals of English sea captains. There was an easy access from the Gulf Coast to northern New Mexico up the Meschacebe and the southern branch of the Yellow River, which rose in the hills dividing New Mexico from Carolana and made the English and Spanish neighbors. The wise policy might just be to unite with the despised Spanish for the moment and throw the bloody French out!

The northwestern branch of the Yellow was called the Massorites (Missouri) and flowed from a great fresh or saltwater lake or sea many thousands of miles in circumference. There was another, easier way to this great inland sea: up a river that spilled from the sea's southwest shore and flowed into the Pacific at forty-four degrees north latitude. This was known to the "proprietor" and England's own Privy Council. After all, the English had "discover'd the said Lake from the South-Sea" and sailed thereto. As for gold, Coxe knew from an English "gentleman admirably skill'd in geography" of the Gold Islands, which lay between Japan and California at approximately forty degrees latitude, whose inhabitants paid gold by the pound for Europe's commodities when the greedy Nipponese, their steady customers, were not looking.

When England, the borrower, stooped to her own storytelling, the results in pure old humbug were the equal of any fables of silver mountains and lakes of gold.

This article is adapted from a chapter in Shadow of a Continent *by Larry Meyer, to be released by the American West Publishing Company on September 15.*

In 1766 Englishman Jonathan Carver ventured into lands recently won from France in the French and Indian War; this plate from the book he published twelve years later shows the Falls of Saint Anthony in Minnesota.

IN THE YEAR 1170, or 1171, the Welsh Prince Madoc, one of King Owain Gwynedd's eighteen or nineteen children, weary of a bloody civil war that would decide his father's successor, sailed in one, two, seven, ten, or eleven vessels from the port of Aberwli or Abergele or Lundy either north or south of Ireland and landed in Newfoundland or Mexico or Rhode Island or the Antilles or Massachusetts or Virginia or Nova Scotia or Yucatan or Florida or Panama or Alabama. This Madoc, possibly legitimate but more likely base-born, not only sailed across the Atlantic to the New World more than three hundred years before the Italian Columbus did the same, but deposited 120 countrymen there. He then went back to Wales and picked up another shipload of dissatisfied Welshmen (and Welshwomen, we must assume). It was a lucky thing he did return, too, for otherwise nobody would have known that he had made the first crossing.

Madoc may or may not have gone to Mexico first as Quetzalcoatl, the plumed serpent-god-incarnate who came from the direction of the rising sun and taught the Toltecs and Aztecs all they knew that was worth knowing, and who was unkindly repayed for his generosity by the Aztecs' forgetting every word of Welsh that Madoc ever taught them. More likely Madoc first landed in Alabama. We have as an authority on this no less than the Daughters of the American Revolution, who have erected in Mobile Bay a marker that reads, "In Memory of Prince Madoc, a Welsh explorer, who landed on the shores of Mobile Bay in 1170 and left behind, with the Indians, the Welsh language."

Others have gone further in acknowledging Madoc's gifts to the New World. They say he brought good old-fashioned Welsh know-how to the savages and printed Welsh Bibles that his descendants preserved and revered centuries after they had forgotten how to read them. Evidence of a Welsh presence has been found in the remnants of fortifications in Tennessee, which showed such a sophistication of military science that they could not possibly have been erected by the lowly Indian. They were built strictly for defense, we can be sure, for Madoc's people were peace-loving, albeit buffeted about by warlike tribes who resented their presence and their airs. In time their fierce neighbors drove them west, up the wide Missouri, where the living was, if not easy, at least a little less crowded.

This is a brief composite of the Madoc stories, which had as many variants as there were Welsh bards with embellishments to add. Over the centuries, as the English slowly moved west, the Welsh Indians likewise fell back in that direction. Several witnesses, though, claimed to have spoken Welsh with these Indians of lordly bearing in the east. A couple had even seen the Bibles. Of course, this testimony was often given in taverns, where Welshmen gathered to fortify themselves against the winter cold and sing the praises of their ancient race.

Opinions differed, and differ still, on whether the Welsh retained their racial purity and ultimately died out, or whether through miscegenation they gradually became Welsh Indians. The latter view gained more support as

westward-moving frontiersmen failed to find the blue eyes and blond hair attributed to that peripatetic colony. Among the tribes variously said to be Welsh descendants were the Navajo, Seneca, Osage, Hopi, Shawnee, Creek, Tuscarora, Modoc, and the yet-to-be-located Doeg. The smart money, however, shifted to the Padoucas (Comanches) and the Mandans. The Comanches had their backers, including one who pointed out that "Padoucas was a corruption of their original name of Madawgwys." Another gentleman, who had seen a Comanche with his own eyes, inexplicably commented on his fair complexion, all-around nobility, courtesy, and honesty—not the best description of a short, dark Shoshonean people who, once they got the horse, descended from the Rockies and by their ferocity became known as the Tartars of the southern Plains.

Then it had to be the Mandans. French traders who visited the tribe at their Dakota homes on the banks of the Missouri River were impressed by their dissimilarities with other red men. They had fair skin. Some had blue eyes. They were on the tall side, robust, and muscular. In their language were words that seemed European, possibly Welsh. Their food was superbly prepared and would have done credit to a French table; their villages were laid out in streets and squares, and were spotlessly clean. Cleanliness, of course, was next to godliness; no news of Welsh Bibles, though.

From the 1730s on, these French reports excited Welshmen back home, and at last a London literary society sent John Evans, a pious young Methodist, across the ocean to lead the Mandans back to their old-time religion. Young Evans had his problems. The financial assistance he counted on from interested Welshmen in the "colonies" was not forthcoming. Undaunted, he proceeded in 1793 to the Mississippi Valley, which at the time was Spanish and unfriendly toward British subjects. Evans was quickly jailed in Saint Louis, eventually released, and employed by a Spanish-controlled company run by a freewheeling Scotsman named James Mackay, who sent the young man to the Mandans on a trading mission. In 1797, Evans reported his conclusions in a letter to Dr. Samuel Jones of Philadelphia: "In respect to the Welsh Indians, I have only to inform you that I could not meet such a people, and from intercourse I have had with Indians from latitudes 35 to 49, I think you may safely inform our friends they have no existence."

Evans' revelations should have put an end to the Madoc myth, but they did not. It was so old, and so many Welsh poets had written about it that it could not be dropped on one man's word—particularly one who was later said to have become a common drunk. Besides, it has been pointed out, Evans was in Spanish territory in the employ of the Spanish. He had probably become a turncoat and a spy, like Mackay. The Spaniards would naturally suppress the truth to keep the English from snooping around their lands, which, since Madoc had been there first, were not rightly their lands at all.

The Madoc legend survived both Evans and subsequent damaging scholarship, and still survives today. Every so often a new book appears in support of one or more of the many versions of the Welsh prince's career in the New World and the legacy he left. It does not seem to matter that linguistic scholars have found nothing in American Indian languages to suggest a Welsh influence, or that the occasional incidence of light pigmentation and blondness in the Indian has been explained by anthropologists as resulting from previous contacts, direct or indirect, with whites (French *coureurs de bois,* not known for their chastity, had reached the Mandans well in advance of any Welshman).

The part about the printed Welsh Bibles does seem to have been abandoned by Madoc boosters. Bernard DeVoto, among others, has remarked that Gutenberg did not come along until the fifteenth century and that the Bible was not translated into Welsh until three centuries after Madoc shipped out of Wales a second time. It is also curious that the story of Madoc was not generally known in England until the sixteenth century, when the Tudors (who just happened to be Welsh) had an uncertain hold on the English throne, and English envy of other nations was peaking.

Of course, all things are possible, but that a small band of peace-loving Welshmen under a Prince Madoc could have crossed the Atlantic in small boats and that their descendants could survive as an identifiable people for five-hundred-odd years in so threatening an environment is highly improbable. The first Spanish, French, and English colonizing attempts in North America seldom lasted long, and those colonists came more than four centuries after Madoc, in greater numbers and with more amenities obtained in the years that bridged the high Middle Ages and the post-Renaissance. That Madoc did what he is said to have done is about as plausible as some Natchez Indian chief having plunked a canoe down in the waters of the Gulf Stream and sailed to London where he established the premier grand lodge of Freemasonry.

THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR came to an end in 1763, with England victorious and France suddenly divested of her North American properties. Frenchmen in Canada and eastern Louisiana and the Upper Mississippi region now had their traditional enemy, England, for a master. It must have been both shocking and galling to any self-respecting French frontiersman to suddenly have to answer to an Englishman for his actions; he could only take heart that things would probably get back to normal with a French triumph in the next war, which could not be far off.

The English did not go pouring into their newly-won western lands. They barely trickled in. This bothered Jonathan Carver, a well-to-do resident of Connecticut and a veteran of the recent war who was mustered out of the militia with the rank of captain. While in the conflict Carver had developed a taste for adventure, and now he felt the patriotic urge

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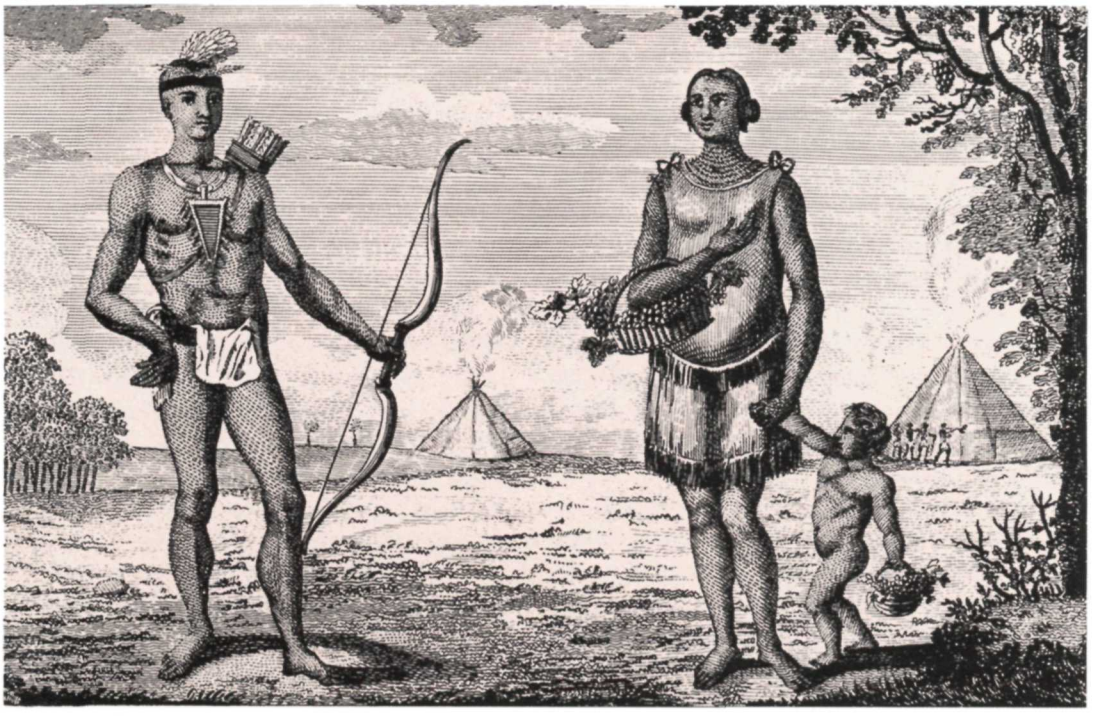


Another plate from Carver's **Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America** *shows a family of the Dakota Sioux, Indians with whom the explorer lived during the winter of 1766–67.*

to inspect the new territory for its commercial possibilities and its future place in England's ever-expanding empire. He felt strongly that it had to be secured against threats from both the French and the Spanish, and he took it upon himself to report truthfully for once on the lands that the French, as was commonly known by Englishmen everywhere, had deliberately kept secret or lied about to serve their own wicked ends. Poor Carver! Before all was said and done, he would be an accessory to even more lying and obfuscation.

The captain left Boston in June of 1766 to join an old army buddy at faraway Fort Michilimackinac, strategically placed at the strait connecting Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, the northwestern limit of British occupation. This friend was none other than Robert Rogers, the commander there, a hero of the just-over French and Indian War, and the hit-and-run leader of Rogers' Rangers. The pair had previously discussed exploring the West. Carver was now ready to do just that. Rogers, however, was having his difficulties. British authorities had reason to suspect the man of financial irregularities and, worse, treasonable activities. So the determined Carver, who had come this far on his own funds, was obliged to pay out of his pocket the additional expenses necessary to take him to the Mississippi and the West he felt compelled to see. Rogers promised him credits; supplies would also be sent on to him later at the Falls of Saint Anthony.

First, Carver wandered the country east of the Mississippi to familiarize himself with its geography and people; then he traveled west to Lake Pepin, where Father Hennepin had been nearly a century before him and had written what was for Carver almost a Baedeker guide to the region. From there he proceeded northwest to the Falls of Saint Anthony and then another two hundred miles west to where the Dakota Sioux were encamped on the plains. Here Carver was in his glory, wintering six months with this noble warrior people still not corrupted (as the more eastern tribes were) by contact with the French. He kept a journal of his adventures among his hosts. They treated him with cordiality, and he reciprocated, on the spot and later in print.

In the spring of 1767, Carver left these newest English subjects with assurances of a quick return with trading goods. But there were none awaiting him at the Falls of Saint Anthony, nor did he get any when he returned to Fort Michilimackinac. The original shipment had been somehow misdirected, and Rogers was not in any position now to make good his earlier promises. It was a heavy blow to Carver. He could not very well return to the Sioux empty-handed, so his hopes of traveling farther west beyond their country were shattered. He took what consolation he could in the fact that at least he had a story to tell, and when he returned to Boston in 1768, he tried to raise funds for its publication, his own resources having been depleted by his long journey. He failed. The last thing the colonists wanted to read was a book about those mangy redskins, who had long proved uncooperative in vacating their lands for English settlement.

Capt. Jonathan Carver then did the logical next thing for a man with a dream not unlike La Salle's. He would go to

grateful England and tell all of what he saw and how a rich empire could be made of the lands taken from the French. John Coakley Lettsom, in a biographical foreword to the third edition of *Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America* (1781), describes Carver as wellborn, courageous, and enterprising. But he also makes much of the captain's diffidence and modesty, which "kept him in general reserved in company." Lettsom might have been blunter and said that this agreeable man from the boondocks fell into the "company" of connivers and highbinders—a mackerel in a school of sharks.

BACK IN LONDON and penniless, Carver petitioned the lords commissioners of trade and plantations for reimbursement for the money he had spent in the interest of his country. He would, of course, prepare a document on what he had seen. But "in a large, free, and widely extended government, where every motion depends upon a variety of springs, the lesser and subordinate movements must be acted upon by the greater, and consequently the more inferior operations of state will be so distant, as not to be perceived in the grand machine." The words are Lettsom's and, boiled down, read "bureaucratic red tape." Carver was destitute and could stand no delay, so he took a copy to a publisher. When the government got around to paying him eleven hundred pounds for his account, Carver had to renege and buy the copy back from his publisher. He stayed on in London to drum up interest in an expedition across North America. He succeeded in mustering support but only after the impending war with the colonies rendered the plan out of the question. Meanwhile, he had gone deeply into debt to the moneylenders. In 1778 he again took his copy to a publisher, where strange things were done to it, including quadrupling its length with material appropriated from Hennepin, Baron Lahontan, and other nameless liars. The book sold out quickly and went into a second printing. It is plain that Carver, who had taken a lowly position of clerk to try to feed himself, shared in none of the profits. When the third edition appeared in 1781, Jonathan Carver, Esquire, who had performed "many important services to his country," was already dead a year, the victim of malnutrition.

Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America went on to see more than forty editions and several translations, which for the first time reversed the pattern: an Englishman had finally gone west and written something that could be exported to the Continent. The book became a standard, until later scholarship exposed its fabrications, at which time Carver was widely condemned as just one more damned liar who had probably never gotten west of the Appalachians.

Carver really did go as far as he said he did, and a reading of the *Travels* now evokes sympathy. His descriptions of his beloved Sioux are perceptive, sound, and highly readable. His judgments of them—that they were neither odious barbarians nor perfect models of the "natural man"—reveal a deep understanding not shared by his contemporaries. Even some of the sections that his grasping publishers added (and to which the desperate man must have agreed) are informative. Yet the deed was done, and Carver had his own misconceptions about the dark side of the continent that, when added to those of his editors, only confounded the world more. He believed in the Strait of Anian, "which having been first discovered by Sir Francis Drake, of course, belong[s] to the English." Moreover, he knew where it was and how to reach it without getting lost in some frosty arctic night. Four great rivers rose in the Sioux country; one of them, the "River Oregon, or the River of the West," connected with both the Pacific Ocean and the elusive strait. He placed the Rocky Mountains just west of his Sioux friends. For whatever reason, he lauded the climate of the northern plains as more temperate than that of the east coast. He was also guilty of passing along to his readers without comment some Indian claims that were at the least fantastic, including one from the Winnebago Indians of Wisconsin of how they went west across the plains and massacred some "black people" (Spaniards) who had horses laden with "white stone" (silver). Carver himself claimed to have discovered "several mines of virgin copper."

The great mistake made by the Connecticut captain was to generalize about the West from the little corner of Minnesota that he had seen. Though he locates Indian origins north of China, he breaks all their languages down into four groups and, lacking any real knowledge, has all tribes west of the Mississippi speaking the Siouan stock. There is no doubt that the English could have cleared up some of the confusion produced by the published version of Carver's travels simply by consulting his original manuscript, which was submitted to the lords commissioners and now reposes in the British Museum. But they did not. Probably it was filed in the wrong pigeonhole.

In 1768, the same year Carver trekked back to Boston from the wild west, Thomas Jeffrey, geographer to the king, published in London a general map for the edification of the realm. Among its features was a "River of the West according to Russian maps," a "River of the West according to the French," Drake's New Albion, the never-was golden city of Gran Quivira moved back inland from the Pacific Coast (where it had been capriciously placed in 1544), the mythical Admiral Bartholomew de Fonte's mythical waterways, and large islands in the "Tartarian Sea" where lived the "Ye-Que or the Nation of the Dwarfs." On the eve of rebellion, the intelligence available to George III was not the best, either in the East or out West.

Larry Meyer *is a free-lance writer and assistant professor of journalism at California State University, Northridge. He was formerly editor-in-chief of* Colorado *Magazine and, for five years, editor-in-chief of* Westways. *He is also author of about one hundred articles on subjects relating to the West.*

A Matter of Opinion

"In Search of the Simple Life"

An article eliciting more than the usual number of reader responses was "In Search of the Simple Life" by David Cavagnaro, which appeared in the January 1975 issue of THE AMERICAN WEST. *We felt that the following letter was of special interest:*

TO THE EDITOR:

I read the article "In Search of the Simple Life" with a great deal of interest and considerable envy of the Cavagnaros' ability and position to seek the simple life. As much as we would like to return to a subsistent way of life, it is impossible for many. I think the idea of a modification of our life-style is the key for the great majority of us to experience the simpler life. As Mr. Cavagnaro said, the feeling of growing and eating your own fruit and vegetables is almost impossible to describe, and the feeling of accomplishment and pride in your own handwork can't be replaced. Many of the traditional handcrafts are being revived in America today because of this personal sense of accomplishment.

Also found in Mr. Cavagnaro's article is a disrespect (sometimes implied) of present-day agriculture. Though I would be the first to admit that mistakes have been made, I feel that this disrespect is misdirected. Today's agriculture is a main part of our lives. Viewing the situation on a worldwide basis, we cannot afford to reduce production if we are to avoid large-scale malnutrition and starvation. Our modern farmer is forced to be more efficient than any industry that is presently operating. But today, instead of making money, he often is simply trying to lose as little as possible. Hopefully he will be able to remain in business while waiting for that "good next year."

Mr. Cavagnaro also mentioned the inefficient conversion of grain to beef. Though it depends upon the method of feeding, rate, and amount, we can't deny that energy and protein are lost when growing animals. However, beef, dairy cattle, and other ruminants are not going to be removed from our scheme of production. The utilization by Mr. Cavagnaro's goats of land not able to be cultivated is one prime ability of ruminants. Another is their ability to utilize feedstuff and by-products that are indigestible to humans. At the University of Georgia we have formulated rations in which over 90 percent of the energy and protein were supplied by foods that couldn't be directly utilized by humans. These include alfalfa, pasture, dried citrus pulp, dried beet pulp, distiller's grains, brewer's grains, cottonseed meal, soybean hulls, and peanut hulls. These rations are capable of, and are in practice, supporting high levels of milk production in dairy herds.

My family and I, like the Cavagnaros, also grow a garden, can fruits and vegetables, weave, quilt, and pursue and enjoy a simpler life than before, but I also feel that agriculture is necessary in its modern form if we are to support the people of today.

Lane O. Ely
Assistant Professor
University of Georgia College of Agriculture

Invited to reply to Mr. Ely's comments, author David Cavagnaro responded as follows:

MODERN AGRICULTURE, like modern medicine, has wrought such wonders on this earth in so short a time that scientists have only recently begun to worry—and substantiate—that we have perhaps been blinded by our apparent progress. A few observations may elucidate some of their concerns.

Dr. Ely states that modern farming is more efficient than any other industry. While this may be true in man-power and economic terms, wholesale mechanical agriculture is far from efficient in terms of food produced per unit of energy consumed. Modern food production is subsidized by and has become almost wholly dependent upon a tremendous input of energy at every level. Any substantial disruption of the world's available energy supplies, an event which appears increasingly probable, would bring food production and distribution in the so-called advanced countries almost to a standstill.

American agriculture and the eating habits it caters to (or fosters, as the case may be) is grossly inefficient in another sense as well. A high level of consumption of meat and animal products places us near the top of the food web, and since the production of animal protein is much less efficient than the production of plant protein, our present subsistence requires considerably more acreage than would a diet based largely upon plant protein. In any natural ecosystem, carnivores are necessarily few in number. We, however, are not a few; we are many.

The disruption to the natural balance of ecosystems both

Continued on page 62

The World of the American Indian

REVIEWED BY RICHARD ELLIS

THE PAST FEW YEARS have seen a remarkable increase in the number of books about American Indians. If *Custer Died for Your Sins* by Vine Deloria, Jr., the articulate Sioux author and former executive director of the National Congress of American Indians, did not serve as a major stimulus for such writing, it certainly signaled the development of this renewed interest in native Americans. As a result, old classics have been reprinted; historians have studied various aspects of tribal history, federal policies, and Indian-white conflicts; social scientists have "discovered" urban Indians and their unique problems; anthologies of Indian literature have become available; and anthropologists have continued to study the various aspects of Indian cultures. Several general accounts of Indian life have also appeared, but few are as attractive or as successful as the National Geographic Society's *The World of the American Indian*.

The World of the American Indian *(National Geographic Society, Washington, D.C., 1974, 400 pp., illus., maps, index, list of tribal groups in the U.S. and Canada, $10.65).* Available by mail order only from the Society, Dept. 100, Washington, D.C. 20036.

One of the most difficult types of books to prepare is a good general account of a given topic, especially when that subject is as complex and broad in scope as the American Indian and when ten different authors are involved. However, editor Jules Billard of the National Geographic Society staff wisely chose a group of recognized scholars, among them University of New Mexico anthropologist Alfonso Ortiz, archaeologist Jesse Jennings, anthropologist William Sturtevant, linguist Wallace Chafe, Vine Deloria, Jr., and Pulitzer Prize winning novelist N. Scott Momaday. Four of the contributors are of Indian descent.

The book is aimed at the general reader rather than academic or lay authorities in the field, but the Society nevertheless selected as authors knowledgeable authorities in the field rather than relying on a less well-informed staff writer or popular author as is so often the case. Thus D'Arcy McNickle, Flathead Indian, former Director of Tribal Operations of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, program director for the Center for American Indians for the Newberry Library, and author of books and articles on Indian-white relations, is especially qualified to write the chapter, "The Clash of Cultures"; and John Ewers, senior ethnologist at the Smithsonian Institution and a man whose life and research has been involved with Plains Indians, is equally qualified to author the chapter "Horsemen of the Plains."

The volume is primarily a heavily illustrated description of Indian cultures accompanied by a satisfactory body of historical material. In the opening chapter Momaday skillfully provides an introduction to the world view of American Indians, and Jennings follows with a survey of American archaeology. Both relate personal anecdotes that heighten the reader's interest, a characteristic of most subsequent chapters as well. Five chapters sketch the life of Eskimos and tribes of the East, Southwest, far West, and Plains. There are obvious limitations on the depth and breadth of coverage, yet anthropologist Robert Heizer is able to introduce readers to the cultures of the Northwest Coast, California, and the Great Basin, all in one chapter. Similarly, Ewers is able to describe aspects of cultures as diverse as those of the sedentary Mandans and the nomadic Blackfeet and Sioux.

McNickle and Deloria provide a historical framework of Indian-white relations, closing with an account of current problems, the movement for self-determination, and the 1973 occupation of Wounded Knee by supporters of the American Indian Movement.

Complementing the text are insets on specific topics, maps, and 440 illustrations, 362 of which are in color. The often spectacular illustrations include paintings, early photographs by giants such as Edward Curtis, and numerous photographs by the justly famous National Geographic Society photographers. The Society's "Indians of North America" map accompanies the volume. The result is an attractive, well constructed volume at a price that today is unusually low.

Richard N. Ellis *teaches at the University of New Mexico and is coordinator of a program to introduce American Indian history courses into the New Mexico school system. His books include* General Pope and U.S. Indian Policy, The Western American Indian, *and* New Mexico, Past and Present.

Edward Borein: Cowboy Artist

REVIEWED BY JAMES T. FORREST

EDWARD BOREIN (1872–1945) is now recognized as one of the better artists to record some lingering aspects of the "old West." He is especially singled out for his draftsmanship and

Edward Borein: Cowboy Artist by Harold G. Davidson *(Doubleday, Garden City, N.Y., 1974, 189 pp., illus., biblio., appen., notes, index, $22.50).*

for his uncanny eye; he could stop the breakneck action of a rider on a bucking bronc with such consummate skill that his sketches rival stop-action photography. Borein found his greatest strength in converting images to line. His sketches, often made in pencil in quick order and later reinforced with India ink, have a fluidity belying the frozen motion of any drawing; his simple but effective lines spring into a lifelike reality which attest to the dexterity and vision of the artist. How can lines drawn with a pen on a sheet of paper convey such conviction of visual imagery? What was the artist's secret, his training? A gift of birth? And why was it that this same man of linear vision was not as effective with watercolors or oils to the same degree of perception?

Harold Davidson in his new book on Borein has searched out and found some of the answers to these questions about the artist and his work. Much of what constitutes the artist and the man must remain our own conjecture, however. Borein, it seems, did not talk at length about his work but, fortunately, we have considerable firsthand visual evidence of his talents. Davidson's book includes an ample number of drawings, photographs of etchings, and of the artist and his friends, as well as color sections of watercolors and oils. Many of the latter are convincing for his style and application of color, nevertheless they remind us that Borein's strength lay always with his deft execution of the line! Perhaps the fact that he was self-taught, for the most part, had a bearing on this reliance "on the way things looked when translated into line." At any rate, Borein, from boy-

hood on, developed an uncommon skill of coordination of eye and hand, as is demonstrated in the illustrations in this book.

Davidson has made use of both anecdotes and factual materials on the life and times of Ed Borein in the production of his book. There seems to be extraneous material concerning Ed's social habits but most of it makes good reading on how things were and how life was led at that quieter time. And to have left out his friendships with such luminaries as Charles M. Russell, Will Rogers, Leo Carrillo, Fred Stone, and others would have dimmed the color of the artist's life, certainly. Davidson writes with an offhand, informal style —one almost as casual as some of Borein's own language. But it seems fitting for the subject.

All in all, the book is worthwhile and it was high time someone did something more than a picture book on Borein. The appendix includes three short pieces of fiction written by Borein during the early part of this century as well as other bits of interesting material on Borein's work. One who loves and knows something of the fine art of etching would have to quarrel a little with the author when he says, "At this point we should dispel a popular misconception concerning etchings, which states that only a limited number of impressions can be pulled from an etching plate. Realistically, the number pulled is limited by commercial considerations rather than aesthetic." Davidson goes on to explain that Borein neither limited his etchings, nor numbered them, and implies that the etchings pulled late did not suffer from the long use of the plate. From all that this writer knows of artists and etching plates, this does not stand to reason. Etching plates do wear, the line does lose its edge, the light areas do get muddy, and the finer lines often disappear. And the accepted practice of numbering original prints is a good one borne out by the simple fact that, even with the best of care, print number 11 is more than likely to be a better impression and example of the artist's original design than number 42 or 101. But this is a small matter. It was disappointing not to have had more information on Borein's practice of remarqueing—executing exquisite pencil sketches on the edges of his etchings for friends and appreciative collectors. These line drawings are so perfect in their detail as to defy flaw even under a glass.

The book has been put together by someone who admires the work of Ed Borein and who has gone a long way toward understanding the man. The result is: *Edward Borein: Cowboy Artist,* a good volume for the bookshelf or the coffee table.

James T. Forrest *is director of the University of Wyoming Art Museum at Laramie and of the Bradford Brinton Memorial Museum at Big Horn. He is a past director of the Museum of New Mexico and of the Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art.*

Albert Bierstadt: Painter of the American West

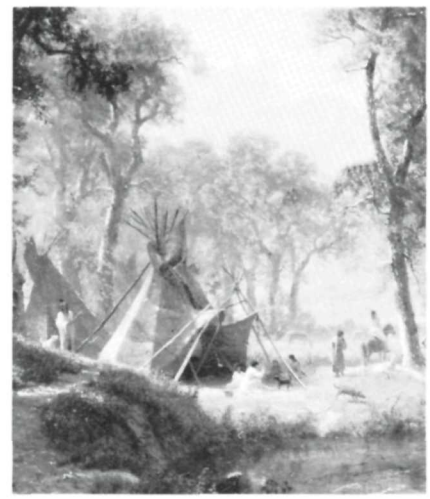
REVIEWED BY JOSEPH W. SNELL

MOST PEOPLE who have only a passing acquaintance with the work of Albert Bierstadt know him as the painter of gigantic western American mountain scenes, some of which are as large as an entire wall. Few of us know that he also executed "normal" sized paintings of pastoral scenes, depicted historical events, found considerable financial success in the sale of engravings, dabbled in photography, and designed unusual mechanical devices which were duly patented. He painted not only rugged mountain vistas but also seascapes, tropical views, animal studies, portraits, and European landscapes. The American Indian particularly appealed to him.

Albert Bierstadt: Painter of the American West by Gordon Hendricks *(Harry N. Abrams, New York, 1974, 360 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, chronology, list of works in public collections, $35).*

Born in Solingen, Prussia, in 1830, he came to America in 1832, when his parents settled in New Bedford, Mass., where father Bierstadt was a cooper. Young Bierstadt, the last of six children, was influenced by artistic acquaintances in his quaint hometown and from an early age showed artistic leanings himself. By 1850, encouraged by his family, he was not only painting but also offering instruction in the art. Three years later he traveled to Düsseldorf, then the mecca for young American art students, for four years' study. While in Europe, Bierstadt sent paintings home to a New Bedford patron, so that by the time he returned in 1857 he had a broad local following.

The artist made his first trip west in 1859 when he accompanied Col. Frederick West Lander's wagon-road surveying party as far as the Rockies. When he returned in November he opened a studio in New York. From this time on he painted almost exclusively in the wild mountain genre and his work received more and more public acceptance. But not until his *Sunshine and Shadow,* an architectural



study painted in 1862, was exhibited did art critics acknowledge his talent. His paintings *The Base of the Rocky Mountains, Laramie Peak* (1862) and *The Rocky Mountains* (1863) established him as "the artistic spokesman of the American Far West." One commercial success followed another and Bierstadt was soon a wealthy man. It was not uncommon for one of his paintings to be sold for $25,000. Critics, though, continued to complain about his "Düsseldorf method" and often called his work hard, superficial, and beautiful but devoid of sentiment. Occasionally, too, they took exception to the physical size of his efforts but they failed to consider, author Hendricks writes, that Bierstadt was often painting for wealthy patrons who wished to cover large wall areas in their mansions.

As Bierstadt's wealth grew, he and his wife, Rosalie, cultivated friendships with such persons as John Charles Fremont, Franz Liszt, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, William Gladstone, and the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia. Financiers, politicians, royalty, and scientists were among their acquaintances; many were also his customers. The Bierstadts traveled widely both in America and Europe, combining sketching sessions with the pleasure brought by wealth and fame.

In the 1870s Bierstadt's popularity began to decline. As his income dwindled his expenses rose for he could not bring himself to lower his standard of living and, in addition, Rosalie's recurring attacks of tuberculosis required large outlays of cash for she could find comfort only by spending the winters in the Bahamas. Bierstadt was actually forced to seek commissions of his work and even promoted inventions to increase his income. When his Hudson River home burned (he had named it Malkasten after a favorite Prussian area), the insurance settlement was welcomed as relief for his overworked pocketbook.

Mrs. Bierstadt died in 1892 and a year later the artist married a wealthy widow, "she," Hendricks attributes to a family legend, "for the people he knew and he . . . for the comfortable living she could give him." The painter, however, would not allow his wife to assume his obligations and so was forced, in 1895, to turn his affairs over to a financial referee for settlement. He continued to travel and to paint, though the latter was less regular now. On the morning of February 18, 1902, he died suddenly but peacefully.

Today, Bierstadt's paintings hang proudly in public and private collections throughout the world, many having been there for a hundred years. To lovers of the wilderness they capture the moment, now long past, just before man's defilement altered the West permanently. Not only mountain scenes but also American Indians are depicted in the last days of their original state.

Mr. Hendricks' text is well written, based on solid primary sources, and complements nicely the scores of large, beautiful color plates in the book. A list of paintings at the back allows the reader to locate other Bierstadts in public collections which are not mentioned in the text. It is fitting that one of America's greatest landscape painters has been honored with a volume of this quality.

Joseph W. Snell *is assistant state archivist with the Kansas State Historical Society. He is author of several articles on western history including one on Bierstadt's 1859 trip to Kansas.*

Education and the American Indian

REVIEWED BY DAVID A. WALKER

ATTEMPTS TO EDUCATE the American Indian—the white man's way of deciding what was good for him—began with the first European contact. In their own way the Spanish, French, Dutch, Russians, and English set out to change the Indians' way of life, to convert him to a particular brand of Christianity, and to transfer European culture by destroying native values. From this beginning, educational policy makers have rarely listened to or acted upon the suggestions and programs initiated by Indian people.

Education and the American Indian: The Road to Self-Determination, 1928–1973, by Margaret Szasz *(University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1974, 251 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $10.00).*

Margaret Szasz, a historian residing in Albuquerque, New Mexico, has written a significant and needed history of Indian education in the twentieth century. This project began as a dissertation at the University of New Mexico in 1972. Two comprehensive federally funded studies form the natural boundaries of her work: the 1928 Meriam Report and the 1969 Kennedy Report and its immediate aftermath.

W. Carson Ryan, Willard W. Beatty, and Hildegard Thompson dominated this period as directors of education within the Bureau of Indian Affairs. All were forced to deal with three significant pressures: national Indian policy, developments in education, and a dependence upon fluctuating congressional appropriations. Ryan, who had written a large portion of the Meriam Report's education section, concentrated on changing the horrible conditions in off-reservation boarding schools.

As director from 1936–1952, Willard Beatty shifted his priorities according to changes in federal policy. Working under the climate created by BIA Commissioner John Collier, Beatty followed the principles of progressive education, recognized as valuable the contributions of anthropologists, introduced cross-cultural and bilingual education in Bureau teacher training, and voiced support for community values and community schools.

But conditions immediately following World War II forced Beatty into a new direction. He followed the national mood toward termination by abandoning cross-cultural policies and shifting to education that prepared Indians for urban life. Hildegard Thompson, director from 1952–1965, continued this philosophy. She stressed all forms of post-high-school training as the best means by which Indians could respond to a more technological society.

It is significant that none of these administrators, all of whom expressed great concern for and deep commitment to Indian education, actively or consistently consulted with Indians in the decision-making process. Finally, in the last decade, Indian leadership has become a new, recognized power in their own education, joining the older forces of Congress, the BIA, and white reform groups. The most important developments in this direction are Indian controlled programs at Rough Rock Demonstration School, Navajo Community College, Ramah, New Mexico, and Rocky Boy, Montana.

The work accomplished by Dr. Szasz is long overdue. She carefully combed an impressive variety of primary sources: federal agency manuscript collections, congressional documents, oral interviews conducted by the University of New Mexico American Indian History Research Project, newspapers, and Indian reform publications. Several maps locating reservations and schools and a list of institutions operated by the BIA and native groups further enhance the text.

This reviewer is puzzled, however, by several major omissions. The author concentrates heavily on Southwestern examples. This is understandable to some extent, but why not make use of other available oral history projects? More important, Szasz shows no evidence of using the manuscripts, personal correspondence, and newspaper clippings compiled in the John Collier Papers at Yale University's Western Americana Collection. She also failed to consult the recent scholarship of historian Kenneth Philp who so carefully worked his way through the Collier documents. Finally, too much dissertation remains in the text, mainly in superfluous footnotes.

These detractions aside, Margaret Szasz should be commended for writing a solid history of American Indian education in the most critical years of the twentieth century. It should be required reading for all of those—Indian and white—who seek to influence the future direction of educational policies.

David A. Walker *is an assistant professor of history and assistant to the director of the Native American Studies Program at Mankato (Minnesota) State College.*

The American: River of El Dorado

REVIEWED BY RICHARD H. DILLON

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON said, "A man will turn over half a library to make a good book." Well, Margaret Sanborn has produced quite a good book without apparently disturbing the calm of Bancroft or Huntington, or so the acknowledgments suggest.

The American: River of El Dorado by Margaret Sanborn, drawings by Jerry Helmrich *(Holt, Rinehart and Winston, New York, 1974; 354 pp., map, biblio., notes, index, $10.00).*

Had the author plugged some of the gaps in her bibliography—with Oscar Lewis's *Sutter's Fort,* this reviewer's *Fool's Gold* and *Wells, Fargo Detective,* Paul Johnson's *Sierra Album,* and T. H. Watkins' *Gold and Silver in the West,* she might have moved the book up a notch or so toward excellent.

Popular historians who really dig deep in research (the "hardrock researchers," we might call them as opposed to mere "panners")—writers like Colorado's Marshall Sprague, California's Ferol Egan, and Arizona's L. C. Powell—would have overlooked no primary or secondary sources. They would have caught some minor errors and "facts" accepted on faith. Such barbarisms as *valecito* and *jotah* for *bailecito* and *jota* would have been noted, at least with a *sic,* even if within direct quotes. Was Sutter really a lieutenant in the U.S. Dragoons in '47, or was this mere daydreaming, like his myth (uncorrected here) of service with Charles X? Did Jed Smith carry a "musket" (!) instead of a long rifle? Are we positive that *all* the accusations of cannibalism against the Donner Party's Keseberg were false? Most of these matters are not so much errors as items needing interpretation or qualification. They would have been handled better by the aforementioned "hardrock" writers.

However, Mrs. Sanborn compensates for this slight defect with a first-rate writing style, plus firsthand knowledge of her geography and lore from Sierra field trips and interviews. Thus, while she repeats chestnuts like the Horace Greeley–Hank Monk wild ride and Lotta Crabtree and Rattlesnake Dick yarns, she is aware of the virtually unknown grove of Big Trees on Duncan Ridge east of Forest Hill, familiar with the Japanese colony at Gold Hill, cognizant of Snow-Shoe Thompson's real name (Tostensen), and informed on the death of Comstock Lode discoverer Allen Grosh near Last Chance. In short, this is a knowledgeable writer who has done her field work, as well as a lot of homework, to ensure a good book for the general reader.

Richard Dillon *is a librarian and author of* Burnt-Out Fires: California's Modoc Indian War, *winner of the 1974 Western Writers of America nonfiction Spur Award. His most recent book is* Exploring the Mother Lode Country.

Forthcoming in

THE AMERICAN WEST

Racing through life at a heady gallop toward their individual goals, many nineteenth-century personalities also contributed to the development of their land. One who risked ridicule for his ambitious ideas was Cyrus Kurtz Holliday, whose story is told by his great-granddaughter Kate Holliday in **The Man Who Built the Santa Fe.** Justin Jay Nell recounts the adventures of a European nobleman who left his mark on the Dakota Territory in **The Marquis de Mores, King of the Bad Lands,** while in **Sarah Winnemucca, Sagebrush Princess with a Cause,** Elinor Richey follows the career of a native American who struggled with divided loyalties. And the poignant youth of a president is related by Stephen B. Oates in **Lincoln's Journey to Manhood on the Kentucky and Indiana Frontier.**

Comanches: The Destruction of a People

REVIEWED BY WAYNE GARD

Comanches: The Destruction of a People by T. R. Fehrenbach *(Knopf, New York, 1974, 577 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $12.50).*

WHEN, nearly three centuries ago, the fierce Comanches acquired Spanish horses and swept down from the Wyoming country to establish a grasslands empire in the southern plains, they "rode into history like the whirlwind." Unimpeded by garden plots and drawing sustenance from the vast buffalo herds, they ruled for almost two hundred years an area larger than that justified by their numbers.

Soon the Comanches became known as superb horsemen, their tipis of poles and hides were thought of as typical of most Indians, and their raids brought terror to the frontier. Divided into independent, roving bands, they eluded Spanish, Mexican, and Anglo forces.

The unusually mobile Comanches engaged in guerrilla warfare that the Spaniards could neither understand nor effectively combat. The Mexicans, the Indians' most numerous victims, did no better. Texans, suffering from Comanche scalpings, rape, and the burning of their homes, had their western frontier held back for forty years.

The Comanche warrior had military skill and courage to match his horsemanship. In the time that a paleface foe could fire two shots from a muzzle-loading musket or Kentucky rifle, the Comanche loosed a score of arrows with deadly accuracy. Although likely to strike and run rather than fight to a finish, he sometimes fearlessly rode right through enemy lines.

Only after the Texas Rangers took their trail and used guerrilla tactics against them did the Comanches begin to suffer. The tribe's power was weakened further after the Rangers and United States soldiers acquired Colt repeating guns. In 1849 epidemics of cholera and smallpox took a heavy toll. Later the slaughter of the buffalo herds almost completed the ruin of the tribe.

Comanche power virtually ended in September, 1874, when an Army force under Col. Ranald S. Mackenzie made a surprise attack on a large band in the steep Palo Duro Canyon in the Texas Panhandle. The Comanches, who had slipped away from their reservation to hunt, fled, leaving their camp to be burned and their 1,400 horses to be captured. Mackenzie ordered more than a thousand horses killed to keep the Indians from stealing them again. Limping back to their reservation, the braves had no more thirst for war.

Putting together a comprehensive history of the Comanches, who had no written chronicles of their own, is an enormous task. But T. R. Fehrenbach, a seasoned Texas historian, has succeeded admirably. Although Fehrenbach (*magna cum laude* Princeton) admittedly writes for the general reader, he has turned out a work of high scholarship. His omission of footnotes does not indicate any lack of research.

Mr. Fehrenbach avoids the extremes of both those who overemphasize atrocities to conclude that "the only good Indian is a dead one" and those comelately apologists who weep over wrongs done to the red man. He sticks to reality and reveals the Comanche mind, which worked differently from that of the European. He explores Comanche family roles, belief in magic, manner of warfare, and way of life.

For such a large work, this volume contains only a few errors in detail, as in putting the 1874 Adobe Walls trading post in the ruin of William Bent's earlier one, whereas the 1874 post was a mile and a quarter away.

Building on the foundations laid by historians like Richardson and Wallace and making full use of Texas and federal manuscripts, Fehrenbach has written a rounded, satisfying history of a powerful Indian tribe. His eloquent prose flows in a steady stream from a deep spring of knowledge, and his book is a tragic but magnificent saga.

Wayne Gard, *a former president of the Texas State Historical Association, is the author of* Frontier Justice, Rawhide Texas, *and other books on the West.*

Crimson Desert: Indian Wars of the American Southwest by Odie B. Faulk *(Oxford University, New York, 1974, 237 pp., illus., biblio., index, $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY PAT FAULKNER

CRIMSON DESERT is a vivid descriptive account of the conflict between the white man and the Indian. Beginning with a general synopsis of the lifestyle and customs of the major Indian tribes of the Southwest, Faulk places most emphasis on the years following 1846 and centering on the Navajo, Comanche, and Apache as the most warlike tribes.

Interspersed throughout this account of the tragic clash of civilizations, the author weaves a pictorial sketch of the Indian. Faulk describes the Navajo's fear of ghosts, how the Comanche considered only horses and women as booty of any value, and how an American named George Carter taught the Navajo the art of silversmithing.

Thundering hooves and Indian yells split the desert air. Flaming arrows fly filled with hate and once more screams disturb the peace of the desert. Bugles sound and rifles spurt and the fight is on, painting the desert crimson.

This book affords good background material for those interested in the early West, especially the Comanche and Apache. Faulk gives a more complete picture of the wars of these two tribes. Both parties, the Indians and the Indian fighters, are given equal favor in the account leaving the reader to form his own conclusions as to the right or wrong of both sides.

Faulk leaves the politics to the politicians and stresses the strategies of Kit Carson, Cochise, William Tecumseh Sherman, and Geronimo. He gives insight into the vain attempt to integrate the Indian into white society and the failure of the reservation system.

For those concerned about the aftermath of the Indian wars and the war that continues today due to the two philosophies of life in direct opposition, this book is an invaluable aid toward understanding the problem.

Pat Faulkner *of Kerrville, Texas, is a freelance writer-photographer and a student of western history.*

An Everyday History of Somewhere by Ray Raphael with drawings by Mark Livingston *(Knopf, New York, 1974; 192 pp., illus., map, biblio., $7.95).*

REVIEWED BY MARTHA SEFFER O'BRYON

THIS EVERYDAY HISTORY of "somewhere" is really the everyday history of author Ray Raphael's home in the coastal hills of Northern California near the Oregon border. With the help of numerous beautiful black-and-white drawings by Mark Livingston, the author delineates the lives of ordinary people, animals, and plants, giving the reader an opportunity to broaden his views of history and life.

Early in his book, Raphael defines history as legend, adding that history tends to deal with the extraordinary, so everyday history does not get told. He goes on to say that it is difficult to give a picture of ordinary life and that he regards his book as a "sort of anthropology, sort of biology, and sort of like ecology." Then in the fashion of a documentary movie, the writer describes his home north of Fort Bragg and explains what has been happening there over the centuries. He talks about the Indians, the Russians, the Spanish, and the Anglos. He discusses the fauna and tells how people have changed the growth patterns of plants and animals. Raphael feels that the early settlers were caught up in an historical movement and really meant no harm to the Indians.

In a later section of the book, the author has "old-timers" relate their stories, and each history reflects the charm and the importance of every human being. The volume ends with the everyday history of the present and new inhabitants of the northern coast. The charm lingers, and suddenly the reader finds himself transported to the "now" of everyday history.

This handsome book contains a bibliographic essay which lists numerous accepted source materials for the local history. The writer suggests that every place has an everyday history that "is waiting to reveal itself."

Martha Seffer O'Bryon *is editor of the* Pacific Historian *quarterly and director of publications for the Pacific Center for Western Historical Studies.*

Charles C. Rich: Mormon General and Western Frontiersman by Leonard J. Arrington *(Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, 1974; 386 pp., illus., maps, biblio., appen., notes, index, $7.50).*

REVIEWED BY BEN PROCTER

IN THE YEAR 1832 at Tazwell County, Illinois, Charles Coulson Rich joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and subsequently became "a stalwart apostle and a resourceful colonizer." During the next six decades he converted hundreds of people while preaching his favorite theme—redemption of Zion through obedience within the church. He also helped build Mormonism in Independence, Nauvoo, Salt Lake City, San Bernardino, and in England and Scandinavia. And the last twenty years of his life were spent colonizing the Bear Lake area in northern Utah and southern Idaho.

In tracing the career of Rich, Professor Leonard J. Arrington of Brigham Young University has also told the story of Mormonism, of persecution and injustice, of stubborn resolve, and incredible faith. At Far West, Missouri, Rich fought a state militia mob that was determined to exterminate or drive out the Mormons. At Nauvoo he became a member of the influential Council of Fifty and commander of the Nauvoo Legion. And after the martyrdom of Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum in 1844, he helped prepare for the historic trek to Utah. Despite terrible suffering en route, he and his fellow Saints not merely survived but triumphed.

Though his account is highly favorable to the Mormons, Arrington has not eulogized his subject. Rich has emerged as quite human, a dedicated man who was neither well educated nor eloquent but devout and unshakable in his faith. He became a leader partly because of organizational talents, calm deliberation, and good judgment—but also because of his unquestioning devotion to the Mormon prophets and their dictates. In fact, Charles Coulson Rich seems to personify the statement that significant historical events or movements often make the man.

Ben Procter *is graduate history adviser at Texas Christian University.*

Canyons and Mesas by Jerome Doolittle and the Editors of Time-Life Books with photographs by Wolf von dem Bussche *(Time-Life, New York, 1974, 184 pp., illus., biblio., index, $7.95).*

REVIEWED BY JOSEPH V. BRAZIE

CANYONS AND MESAS has been prepared by men who deeply love and understand this unusual, beautiful country. The striking photographs of Wolf von dem Bussche, David Cavagnaro, and several others evoke both the vastness and the detail of this remarkable region. The text follows this same approach. It is primarily a series of prose pictures, emphasizing different characteristics of the area. Some chapters contain remarkable personal responses to the richness of the land: a visit to an isolated mesa; the hikes down John's and Paria Canyons; a pause for observation and reflection along the Colorado River; a climb to the summit of Navajo Mountain, having taken the longer route to Rainbow Bridge.

But the book will disappoint those who are looking for specific information about the Canyonlands. There is only one map, an unfortunate deficiency (one would like to track the author's wanderings), and the heart of that map is lost in the book binding!

The geologic history, the role of the river, the probable role of forces associated with continental drift, and a description of the variety of present-day geologic formations would have helped to explain the uniqueness of the region which includes some of the oldest exposed rock of the earth's crust. This deeper understanding is required if one is to put the region into proper perspective in order to fully appreciate, understand and, perhaps most important, protect it.

Those who want to become acquainted with the area, or to spend a pleasant winter evening relating to the Canyonlands (and perhaps planning the first early spring trip), will thoroughly enjoy this book. Others will prefer to delve more deeply into selected references listed in the bibliography, where the meat lies.

Joseph V. Brazie *is a neonatologist at the Children's Hospital, Denver.*

Mind in the Waters: A Book to Celebrate the Consciousness of Whales and Dolphins assembled by Joan McIntyre *(Scribner's / Sierra Club, New York, 1974, 240 pp., illus., maps, charts, index, $14.95).*

REVIEWED BY NICHOLAS ROSA

HOW MIGHT WE communicate with an alien intelligence? Would we recognize a message from a different *kind* of intelligence? These are not harebrained questions. They have received scientific attention for more than a decade. Apparatus for detecting signals from intelligences out among the stars could be built, today. But how would we manage to interpret whatever we managed to hear?

Recently, another realization has dawned among scientists: the nearest alien intelligence might be right here on Earth. It may be housed in the large, highly developed brains of whales, dolphins, and porpoises. (A human brain weighs 3½ pounds; a bottle-nosed dolphin brain, 5 pounds; a sperm whale brain, 19 pounds.) Ironically, just now, as scientists are coming to suspect that the extra-large brains of cetaceans may be more than just fancy ballast, many species of cetaceans are nearing the verge of extinction. The whaling industry is in a final flurry to bag the last of the great whales, whose populations they themselves have decimated.

The proposition of cetacean intelligence generates shock, outrage, incredulity. We have barely abandoned one old illusion of uniqueness ("Only Earth could have life or intelligence"). We remain captives of our self-image of absolute superiority ("Only man can have intelligence—here, at least"). The question of other intelligences on this planet tends to be dismissed, arbitrarily. But prior to about 1960, so did the question of possible intelligence (or even life) elsewhere in the universe.

The question is explored in depth in *Mind in the Waters* by some of the scientists involved, most of whom write as sensitively or engagingly as do the lay authors and poets who also contribute. The book's editor, Joan McIntyre, personally prefers the term "awareness." This bypasses the semantic jungles surrounding "intelligence," and invokes sensitivity, sensuousness, and self-recognition, which are elements of our own consciousness.

What has been learned is tantalizing. Cetaceans and men can communicate, richly enough for us to know that we do not fully understand their communications. We cannot explain away all cetacean behavior as "instinctive." What other laboratory animals accept but do not consume all of their food rewards, and return them to their trainers when they have become tired of a training session? Sometimes cetacean "subjects" turn the tables, e.g., a scientist has his fear of a captive killer whale deconditioned by the whale; another finds himself being trained by a dolphin to utter dolphin sounds. The book has much more, however, such as windows on the sensory and cognitive worlds of the cetaceans, and their remarkable anatomical and sensory adaptations as marine mammals. The simple descriptions of cetacean behavior alone would justify purchase of the book.

How can we define intelligence? Our tests for human intelligence are notorious for their cultural bias. For us, ultimately, "intelligence" is the ability to manipulate an environment to fulfil one's ends. Our intelligence evolved to coordinate hands, eyes, and brain for this manipulation. Cetaceans have no hands. But a renowned psychologist suggests, in this book, that a being that cannot manipulate its environment might evolve intelligence for coping with complex interpersonal relationships. Relationships are visibly there, among cetaceans. Complex acoustic signals (language?) are there. Neural sensitivity is there, and perhaps aesthetic sensitivity. The big convoluted brain is there. I would hesitate to have the case for protecting whales stand or fall on a case for intelligence that can always be "disproved" through semantic acrobatics. But we may be killing off our only peers on this planet, or anywhere, for the sake of piddling increments of pet food, cosmetics, and car wax.

Nicholas Rosa, *a contributing editor of* Oceans *magazine, is author or coauthor of several textbooks on physical and biological science.*

Jack London by Earle Labor *(Twayne, New York, 1974, 179 pp., notes, index, chronology, $6.50).*

REVIEWED BY RICHARD W. ETULAIN

MANY STUDENTS contend that Jack London was America's first popular writer, that he was our first author whose personal life captured newspaper headlines and whose work was read and continues to be read throughout the world. If this contention is true, it is ironic that nearly sixty years elapsed after his death before the first study of his literary career appeared.

Earle Labor is convinced that London deserves "serious consideration" as a "great writer" and a "major American" author. Labor's slim study, a volume in the Twayne United States Authors series, is a useful guide to the writings of London. The book fulfils the chief purpose of a Twayne study: to provide a brief introduction to the major writings of its subject. Labor includes some biographical and cultural backgrounds, but his primary stress is on London's work. He unfortunately was not given enough space to develop his useful interpretations.

One need not be as enamored as the author with myth and psychoanalytic criticism to appreciate his thorough understanding of London the man and writer. Labor uses the work of Freud, Jung, Joseph Campbell, and R. W. B. Lewis to evaluate what he considers London's major talent: his "primordial vision," his use of myths and archetypes to illuminate the dark corners of human experience.

Labor is a sound and balanced interpreter. He admits London's weaknesses —his inability to construct long novels, his inclination to preach, and his tendency to turn out inferior work. At the same time, he notes London's importance: his first-rate talents as a short story writer, his sincerity, and his illustration of the cultural tensions evident in early twentieth-century America. In short, Labor's volume is now the beginning place for those who wish to study the literary artistry of Jack London.

Richard W. Etulain, *who teaches history at Idaho State University, is currently working on two books on Jack London.*

BOOKS IN BRIEF

BY LARRY ZELENAK

Mills and Markets by Thomas R. Cox *(University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1975; 332 pp., illus., biblio., appen., index, $17.50).*

The author describes this book as "a study in institutional business history, a work which seeks to trace the evolving structure, the changing patterns of marketing and management, that marked the Pacific Coast lumber industry during its formative years." Although it is a scholarly work, directed primarily at the economist and the historian, the narrative and photographs will also fascinate anyone interested in the early development of the Pacific Northwest.

The Golden Era of the Missions paintings by Chesley Bonestell with text by Paul Johnson *(Chronicle Books, San Francisco, 1974; 63 pp., illus., maps, $8.95 cloth, $3.95 paper).*

Bonestell's photograph-like paintings of twenty-one California missions as they appeared in their prime are accompanied by short histories of each.

The Cascades by Richard L. Williams and the editors of Time-Life Books *(Time-Life, New York, 1975; 184 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $7.95).*

This latest volume in the continuing Time-Life "American Wilderness" series explores all aspects of the Cascade Range, from the greatest ice-clad volcanoes to the tiniest alpine flowers. The superb photography is accompanied by an accurate and readable text.

American Indian and Eskimo Authors: A Comprehensive Bibliography compiled by Arlene B. Hirschfelder *(Association on American Indian Affairs, New York, 1973; 104 pp. $4.00, paper).*

A carefully compiled listing of some four hundred titles written or narrated by three hundred Native American authors.

Roll Call on the Little Big Horn, 28 June 1876 compiled by John M. Carroll and Byron Price *(Old Army Press, Fort Collins, 1974; 168 pp., $27.50).*

John Carroll and Byron Price have searched through old records of the United States Army to compile military histories of the 204 officers involved in Custer's Sioux campaign of 1876. The records themselves are dry and factual, but out of the collection of names, dates, and places emerges the story of the people involved in a tragic chapter of the history of the West.

Custer Battle Guns by John S. du Mont *(Old Army Press, Fort Collins, 1974; 113 pp., illus., appen., notes, index, $8.95).*

A well-documented text and over forty illustrations describe the weapons used by Custer's troops and the Sioux Indians at the Battle of the Little Bighorn. The book also has a wider significance because these weapons are much the same as those used throughout the Indian-versus-cavalry battles of the nineteenth century.

West Coast Lighthouses by Jim Gibbs *(Superior, Seattle, 1974; 207 pp., illus., maps, index, $13.95).*

Automation is fast bringing to an end the days of manned lighthouses with their manicured lawns and polished glass prisms, but the romance of the lighthouses and their lonely keepers still remains. This volume is a comprehensive pictorial history of all the major lighthouses and lightships of California, Oregon, and Washington.

Oregon II photography by Ray Atkeson with text by Archie Satterfield *(Charles H. Belding, Portland, 1974; 192 pp., illus., $25.00).*

Two hundred magnificent photographs of one of our most beautiful states, by a master Northwest photographer, are presented in faultless style in this large format (10 x 13 inch) all-color pictorial.

The Westerners: A Mini-Bibliography and a Cataloging of Publications, 1944–1974 *(The Arthur H. Clark Company, Glendale, 1974; 20 pp., biblio., $3.50 paper).*

At last count the Westerners—an international organization dedicated to the study of western Americana — had sixty-two organized corrals throughout the world, many of which issue regular publications. This record of their publications in the past thirty years includes not only the regular and special printings but complete and near-complete bound files as well.

FROM OLD WORLD TO NEW WITH ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

(Continued from page 31)

train was the one piece of life in all the deadly land; it was the one actor, the one spectacle fit to be observed in this paralysis of man and nature." For Stevenson, the railroad was a noble creation built by ignoble men—"pig-tailed Chinese pirates," "border ruffians," and "broken men from Europe, talking together in a mixed dialect, mostly oaths, gambling, drinking, quarreling, and murdering like wolves." There was a grim hubris involved in the building of the railroad, for the impromptu cities which exploded into life along the right-of-way with such strident activity often turned as quickly into dusty wayside stations. To Stevenson, the prime movers in the epic turmoil of railroad construction possessed neither stature nor motivation in the heroic mold: they were gentlemen in frock coats who financed and built the railroad "through the unwatered wilderness and haunt of savage tribes" for motives no more extraordinary "than a fortune and a subsequent visit to Paris."

THE JOURNEY became more bearable when the passengers changed to the Central Pacific at Ogden, Utah. "The change was doubly welcome; for, first, we had better cars on the new line; and, second, those in which we had been cooped for more than ninety hours had begun to stink abominably."

As comfort and strength began to return, Stevenson once more cast his eye on his fellow passengers. "They were in rather marked contrast to the emigrants I had met on board ship while crossing the Atlantic. They were mostly lumpish fellows, silent and noisy, a common combination; somewhat sad, I should say, with an extraordinary poor taste in humour, and little interest in their fellow-creatures beyond that of a cheap and merely external curiosity." A group of furtive Cornish miners particularly interested him: "A division of races, older and more original than that of Babel, keeps this close, esoteric family apart from neighboring Englishmen. Not even a Red Indian seems more foreign in my eyes. This is one of the lessons of travel —that some of the strangest races dwell next door to you at home."

The emigrants' search for a better future continued to intrigue Stevenson. Even Americans were traveling west to find a better life, for in his presence were men from Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, and Canada. The common denominator in their talk, and the talk of all the emigrants that he had encountered previously, was the persistent discussion of hard times and the hope for a better tomorrow. All were fleeing past failures as they chased the ephemeral promises of the future: "It was westward they ran. Hunger, you would have thought, came out of the east like the sun, and the evening was made of edible gold." Yet, at the same time, he observed that even from the Orient, emigrants were going forth to find a new life. "Hungry Europe and hungry China, each pouring from their gates in search of provender, and here come face to face. The two waves had met; east and west had alike failed, the whole round world had been prospected and condemned, there was no El Dorado anywhere, and till one could emigrate to the moon, it seemed as well to stay patiently at home."

Even as they were traveling west, they encountered crowded trains returning east with men whose dreams had failed and who again had found hard times. For Stevenson, men emigrated for complex motives; "for if, in truth, it were only for the sake of wages that men emigrate, how many thousands would regret the bargain! But wages, indeed, are only one consideration out of many, for we are a race of gipsies, and love change and travel for themselves."

While Stevenson could smile inwardly at many of the actions and gypsy attributes of his emigrant companions, he found their attitudes toward the Chinese particularly distasteful. "Of all stupid ill-feelings, the sentiment of my fellow-Caucasians towards our companions in the Chinese car was the most stupid and the worst. They seem never to have looked at them, listened to them, or thought of them, but hated them *a priori*. The Mongols were their enemies in that cruel and treacherous battlefield of money. They could work better and cheaper in half a hundred industries, and hence there was no calumny too idle for the Caucasians to repeat, and even to believe." Although the Chinese were commonly accused of being dirty, Stevenson noted that "in their efforts after cleanliness they put the rest of us to shame."

Stevenson was interested in observing the American Indians in their natural setting, but he was disappointed with those he saw living along the fringes of white society. Such Indians, he noted, were "disgracefully dressed out with the sweepings of civilization." The nation's failure to honor its commitments to these peoples as the country developed its shifting western frontiers earned Stevenson's disdain, as did his companions' attitudes toward them. Rather than appreciating the silent stoicism of the Indians' conduct and the pathetic degradation of their appearance, his "fellow-passengers danced and jested round them with a truly Cockney baseness. I was ashamed for the thing we call civilization."

At last, eleven bone-weary days after leaving New York and some three weeks after departing Scotland, the journey drew to an end. Arriving in California at the end of August, 1879, an emaciated Louis found that Fanny was still in a state of indecision regarding her divorce. He was exhausted by travel, and his health again failed him. But by May of 1880 problems of health and devotion were resolved, and Louis and Fanny Osbourne were married in San Francisco. The newlywed couple took up temporary residence on the site of an abandoned silver mine fifty miles north of the city. Their honeymoon experiences there were chronicled in Stevenson's work *The Silverado Squatters* (1883). In July of 1880 Louis and his wife recrossed the continent by rail coach and then sailed in first-class accommodations for Britain. Stevenson's days as an emigrant traveler were over but, unlike the emigrants with whom he had earlier crossed the West, his days as a wanderer were just beginning.

During the twelve months he spent in America, Louis acquired a wife and family, a new maturity, and skills and experiences which would later be reflected in his writings. In 1883, Stevenson published his most popular work, *Treasure Island*, and he confided to friends that many of the geographical settings for that work were based on his memories of California topography.

Louis visited America once more in 1887–88, but ultimately ill health and the vagabond's love of new places and strange names led him to the South Seas, where he finally settled at Vailima in Samoa. There he achieved the dreams —and more—of most emigrants, for contentment, success, and fame were finally his.

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THE TEMPERATE MUTINY

(Continued from page 15)

they brought in a verdict of "not guilty." An editorial in the *Evening Bulletin* articulated the jury's findings when it noted: "Had there been any excesses committed by the mutineers, any violence to the officers, or any degradations upon the cargo, the result of the trial would have been far different. There cannot be any great danger to commerce in a precedent, the chief lesson of which, is to teach moderation, sobriety and forebearance to the sailor in the vindication of his rights. Nor should the lesson taught by this trial go unheeded by masters of vessels and shipowners."

The editorial of the *Alta California,* however, took a rather alarmed view: "This verdict virtually proclaims to all seamen that wherever they may, in their own judgment, have cause of complaint, real or fancied, they may take possession of the ship. The verdict strikes at the vital principle upon which alone the safety of lives and property on shipboard depends."

The *White Swallow* verdict notwithstanding, many more years were to pass before seamen actually acquired equal protection under the law. Perhaps this was the reason why most investigators of the modern period have dealt superficially with the trial. Richard Dillon writes: "For a brief time this enlightened period of the court was much remarked upon by seamen and landsmen alike. But it did not last."

Although limited importance was given the historical precedent, there are other significant facts in the proceedings that give increased insight into the character as well as the treatment of seafaring men during the nineteenth century. At a time when seamen were considered at best "second-class" citizens in the eyes of the law, their testimony at trials across the country was of little consequence. Typified generally as uneducated, irresponsible, inarticulate men, seamen entered courtrooms with heavy burdens and limited resources. But the crew of the *White Swallow* had not only swayed the jury to the realities as they knew them to be, but revealed unusual candor and genuine sensibilities. The men who mutinied were not "green" or "worthless" as rumors and innuendo had implied during the trial grievances.

Evident from the sixties on were fears that the caliber of seamen was declining steadily. The Civil War witnessed a nation passing from its "Golden Age of Sail" to a fifth-rate power on the high seas, forfeiting its lead in commercial shipping to Europeans, principally British, Germans, and Scandinavians. Diminished activity engendered worsening conditions for the American deep water sailor, and his ranks were soon to become dominated by immigrants seeking citizenship under a new flag. The majority of these men fled from countries with highly authoritarian governments, strict religious codes, and static social structures, where climate and survival were equally severe. They were intimately familiar with harsh conditions and a rigid life, similar to those found aboard deep water vessels.

With interest in shipping at its lowest ebb and immigrants more numerous in forecastles, the next three decades were to encourage unwarranted abuses on the open sea. The "*White Swallow* Case" becomes a symbolic trial scoring the transition from a proud era to what Jack London was to characterize years later as the "degenerate days of sail." An editorial in the *Evening Bulletin* prophetically ended with a homily on the dilemma: "Our ship owners complain of the lack of good material with which to make up crews for the merchant service, and yet they countenance and defend a system which tends to drive seamen who have any self-respect out of the service. If they would show by their actions that they regard the sailor as a man, with a man's feelings and a man's rights . . . and protect him in his rights . . . they might in the course of time find a better class of men enlisting in the service, and even those at present in it would become better and more efficient seamen than they are now."

The trial of the *White Swallow* mutineers holds important keys to the attitudes about seamen during the last four decades of the century, and helps to shatter traditional stereotypes of seamen as near-subhumans. The *Alta California* ended its report of the trial with the observation that "news of the finding of the verdict spread rapidly through the city and seemed to give general satisfaction, the feelings of the community being heartily enlisted on the side of the crew, who were generally believed to have acted purely in self-defense of their lives, and with a degree of moderation extraordinary under the circumstances."

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A MATTER OF OPINION

(Continued from page 48)

in and beyond agricultural areas as wrought by the use of pesticides, fungicides, and herbicides, the rapidity with which crop pests and disease organisms become resistant to their use, and, in many cases, the dependence of economically feasible production on the use of these chemicals, are by now well-established and well-known phenomena. The dependence of many crops on synthetic fertilizers, some of which are in short supply, and their threat to the natural balance of streams and lakes, also pose serious questions.

Irrigation of croplands in dry climatic regions, once her-

alded as a great breakthrough in food production, has posed additional problems. As dam reservoirs fill with sediments, as underground reserves of fossil water become exhausted, as wells in some areas become saline, and as soils which at first were fertile become burdened and finally poisoned with salts, this dream begins to fade.

Geneticists have grown increasingly concerned that highly selected, in many cases synthetically fabricated, food crops may eventually become susceptible to some kind of genetic collapse or vulnerable to epidemic diseases as our agriculture moves toward a simplified genetic fabric removed from the stability of wilder strains.

Demographers and biologists alike note that while modern agriculture has continued to boost world food supplies, this production together with modern medicine has enabled world population to increase beyond any sense of proportion. As a result, more people starve rather than fewer, and millions more are now waiting in the wings. Scientists have been sounding well-founded warnings for decades that the notion of producing more food as a means of staving off wholesale starvation is a myth.

There exists a well-established principle in nature: simplified ecosystems are more vulnerable to drastic states of imbalance than are complex ones. Modern agrobusiness, with its vast mono-crop acreages and, in some cases, seriously depleted rangelands, has reduced immense regions to a dangerous level of ecological simplicity and an attendant state of imbalance.

It is perhaps less clearly understood that the same principle may apply to our own social fabric. During the Great Depression of the 1930s, it was evident that the diverse, rather self-sufficient rural areas of the country, with their small farms and cottage industries, fared better than did the dependent urban centers. Today, as we face a serious recession, most of those small farms and local industries are gone. Instead, 90 percent of our population must rely upon an energy-dependent 10 percent for all or nearly all of their food.

In response to these problems, many significant remedial steps can be and have been undertaken. To Mr. Ely's reference to the recycling of industrial waste products as cattle feed can be added the processing of garbage and human waste for fertilizer, the use of biological rather than chemical means to control pests and disease, and efforts to desalinate dryland agricultural soils.

The problems which remain, however, are numerous and amazingly complex. As so often is the case in dealing with problems created by technology, technological solutions themselves often either further complicate the problem or create new ones that are perhaps even more serious. In the realm of industry, the present smog control devices which reduce auto emissions while producing instead startling amounts of toxic sulphur compounds offer a pertinent example of this state of affairs.

It is my argument, as a biologist, that modern agrobusiness is at best a tentative experiment, the long-term viability of which has yet to be tested by time. Furthermore, in the short term, while our system of agriculture has fed our bodies reasonably well, it has done very little to feed man's spirit, a factor which cannot be taken lightly in this age of alienation. It is this thesis primarily which we explore in our book, *Almost Home.*

Dr. Ely says that today's agriculture is a main part of our lives. I contend that since we have so successfully altered the face of the earth through modern agriculture and industry, it should not be that much more difficult to return to the real source of the problem and alter our way of life.

I would pose one final observation and two questions. Roughly 90 percent of the people of China are involved in a localized diversified form of food production. All political considerations aside, how is it that China, with the largest population of any country in the world, has been able to avoid to an apparently large extent the increasing incidence of malnutrition and outright starvation which haunts all the rest of the world, including the U.S.A., and what effect upon China's well-being will an almost certain disruption of the world's supply of energy and raw materials actually have?

It will be interesting to watch as time and events answer such questions. Meanwhile, we should eat less meat and plant gardens. This, at least, may be a beginning.

David Cavagnaro
Resident Biologist, Audubon Canyon Ranch
Marin County, California

Finally, having received from Mr. Cavagnaro a copy of the preceding observations, Professor Ely again replied, closing with the following thoughts:

THE MAIN POINT I would like to make is this: do not condemn the whole system or everyone involved with it. I think our views are much closer than apart. I did my graduate studies at the University of California at Davis during 1967–68 and 1970–74, and spent many hours discussing the same ideas presented by "In Search of the Simple Life." I still feel what came out of these discussions was the feeling that not all was bad or good. Hopefully, we would be able to recognize the good and build from it.

A recent study by a midwestern university showed that the most efficient farm was the family unit. It is not the traditional farm of 80 or 160 acres and horse power, however, but 400 or 500 acres with today's machinery. Hopefully, more emphasis can be placed upon this—and the needed spiritual, intellectual, and economic incentive will be provided. Maybe we will see an even more widespread return of pride in handicrafts and a willingness to help and share with a neighbor.

Lane O. Ely

A MATTER OF OPINION *is provided as an open forum. Contributions from our readers are invited, but should be limited to 750 words and must be signed.*

Membership in the Western History Association is open to anyone interested in the history and culture of the American West. Inquiries should be addressed to the Secretary, William D. Rowley, Department of History, University of Nevada, Reno, Nevada 89507. Membership is on a calendar-year basis and includes THE AMERICAN WEST, WESTERN HISTORICAL QUARTERLY, and NEWSLETTER. Annual dues are: Regular Member $16.00; Sustaining Member $30.00; Student Member $10.00 (includes only the WESTERN HISTORICAL QUARTERLY, NEWSLETTER, and Annual Conference material); Sponsoring Member $100.00 (Institution). Life Member $300.00, paid in a twelve-month period. Individuals or institutions not wishing to become members may subscribe directly to either THE AMERICAN WEST or the WESTERN HISTORICAL QUARTERLY at regular subscription rates.

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The Western History Association's fifteenth annual conference on the History of Western America will convene at the Fairmont Mayo Hotel, Tulsa, Oklahoma, on October 8–11, 1975.

EPILOGUE: As demonstrated on pages 32–39 of this issue, the experiences of Europeans en route to a new life in the American West was a favorite theme in the pictorial weeklies of the late nineteenth century. The charming line drawings opposite and the text below, which appeared together in an 1883 *Harper's Weekly,* provide oddly contrasting images of life on an emigrant train:

"At the start the cars are rude but cleanly. Plenty of water is provided. Some effort is made, too, to keep the air fresh and the car decent, but this is very difficult. Most of the passengers are little accustomed to ventilation or to cleanly habits. Pipes are lighted, meals are spread in which sausage, cheese, garlic, and sauerkraut form prominent elements, and their mingled odors combine with the smoke of cheap tobacco to render the cars insupportable. Then there are children, and sometimes sick ones; there are men and women who regard dirt as a part of the natural protection against cold; there are still other sources of malodorous emanations which would make a resident of ancient Cologne hold his experienced nose. But if the emigrants as a class are far from neat, they are equally removed from the sensitiveness of those who have led gentler lives; they are accustomed to what seem intolerable hardships, and the success with which they endure the smells, the confinement, and the poisoned air of the emigrant trains bespeaks them the heroes of the struggle for the 'survival of the fittest.'"

A stop on the road: "Get on board there!"

Scenes from life on board an emigrant train, 1883.

The youngsters at play.

A representative of the Immigrant Inspection Service provides inoculations.

He lost his ticket.